

WITH PRESENTATION PLATE: "THE APPLE OF HIS MAJESTY'S EYE."

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1937





# GIVE HIM A SHIRT

after all every man  
wears a shirt . . .

*but which shirt?*

Why 'Vantella,' of course—because they're cut from fadeless, unshrinkable cloth in three lengths of sleeve to every neckband size (nice for little men with long arms and tall men with short arms), and they're made with 'Van Heusen' curve woven semi-stiff cuffs and unshrinkable neckbands. Besides, the collars to match are 'Van Heusen' semi-stiff, boneless and buttonless—what a blessing!—and always replaceable. Yes, 'Vantella'—'Van Heusen' wearers laugh at laundries! 'Vantella' shirts in zephyr cost 9/3, in poplin de luxe 10/6. 'Van Heusen' collars are 1/3 each extra. All from any good outfitter.

Shirts by

**'VANTELLA'**

Collars to Match by

**'VAN HEUSEN'**

'Van Heusen' semi-stiff neckbands, collars and cuffs are made exclusively by Harding, Tilton & Hartley Ltd., London.



For the well-dressed man :

**'VANTELLA' SHIRTS • 'VAN HEUSEN' COLLARS • BROCKLEHURST TIES**

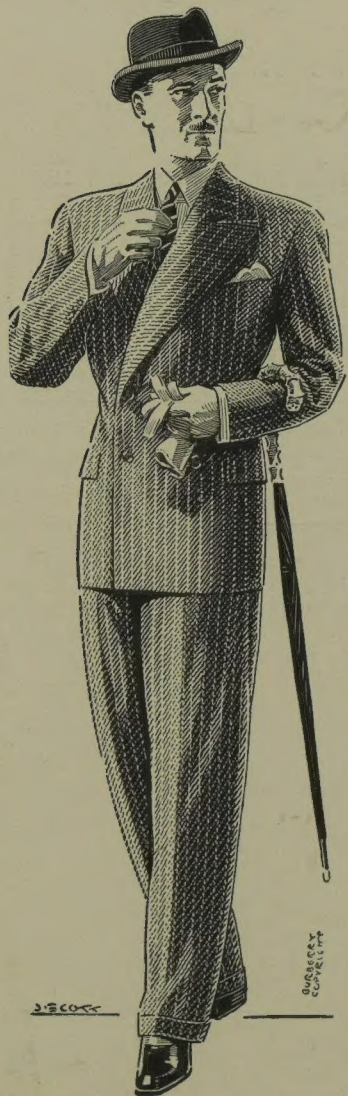
ADVERTISEMENT OF COTELLA LTD. 14 MOOR LANE LONDON E.C.2



# BURBERRY

## SUITS

IT IS VERY INTERESTING to look through the great variety of suitings that Burberrys have to show. Large bunches of patterns; but if one is not quite sure from a pattern whether it meets one's wishes, the piece is available; and when a length is tossed over the shoulder how easily one can judge how the suit will look.



IT IS INTERESTING to note such a great variety of textures; for every climate throughout the world here are suitings in every make of cloth and one notes the rich qualities and that throughout there are carefully selected and blended colours with designs beautifully interwoven; denoting experienced weaving.

*Patterns and prices of the latest suit and costume styles sent on mention of "Illustrated London News"*

## COSTUMES

Tailored dress designs by Burberrys lead the fashions. Every season their models are looked for by those who appreciate the new and excellently well-designed.

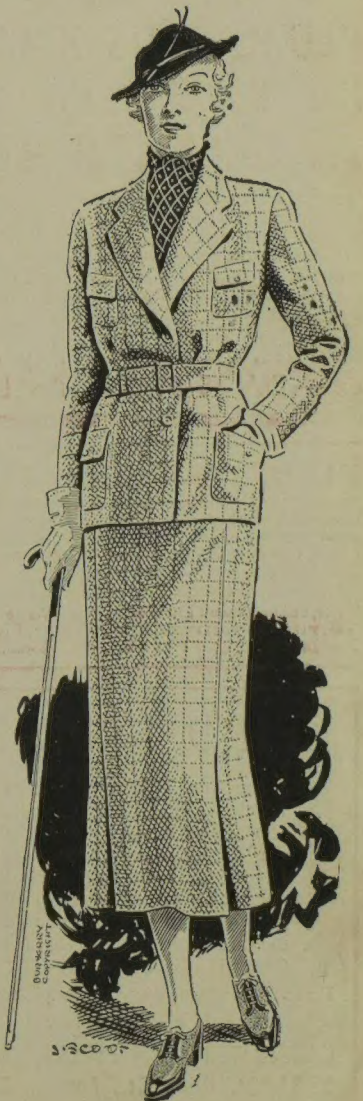
The present winter models display that touch of distinction and character that appeals to ladies who study dress.

These may be seen in the Haymarket showrooms or a book of illustrations will be posted if



desired together with patterns which will include many suitings of delightful colourings quite new as are also the patterns and exclusively Burberry.

Those ladies who like to have costumes that are distinctive with a charm that appeals, will find them here. Or they may get the head designer to design costumes expressly for themselves. The chief designer is English and proud of it.



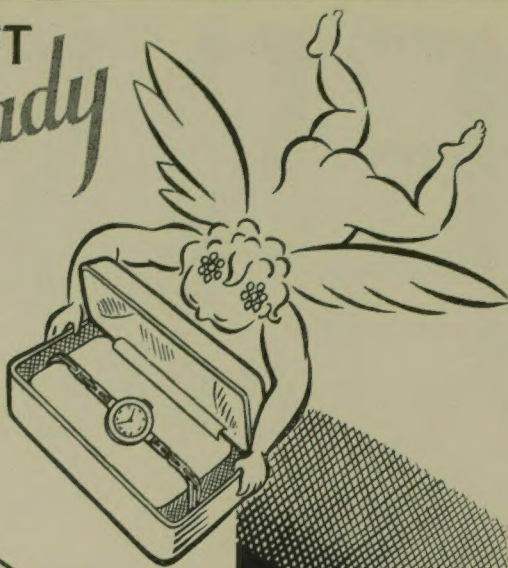
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LONDON, S.W.1  
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BUENOS AIRES**



A LOVELY GIFT  
FOR A

Lovely Lady



Lasting joy accompanies the gift of an exquisite BRITANNIC Watch Bracelet because dependability is combined with beauty. BRITANNIC Bracelets are guaranteed for five years, during which time repairs will be carried out free of charge through any jeweller. Sold by all high-class jewellers in various widths, complete with watches in many styles from £4 15 0 or BRITANNIC Expanding Bracelets alone with hooks to replace straps.

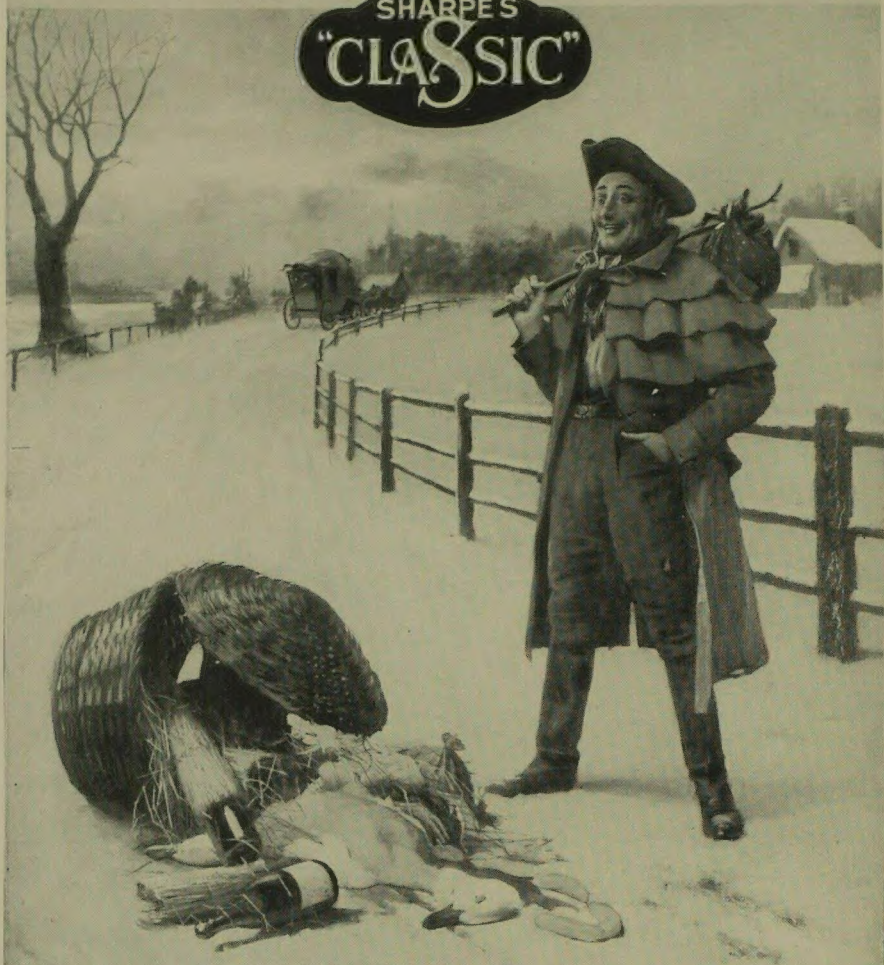
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BRITANNIC

Watch Bracelet

EDWIN HARROP,  
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Sole Concessionaires for the famous  
INTERNATIONAL Watches

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ELVASPLUMS THIS XMAS  
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Insist **A. G. BRAND** they are  
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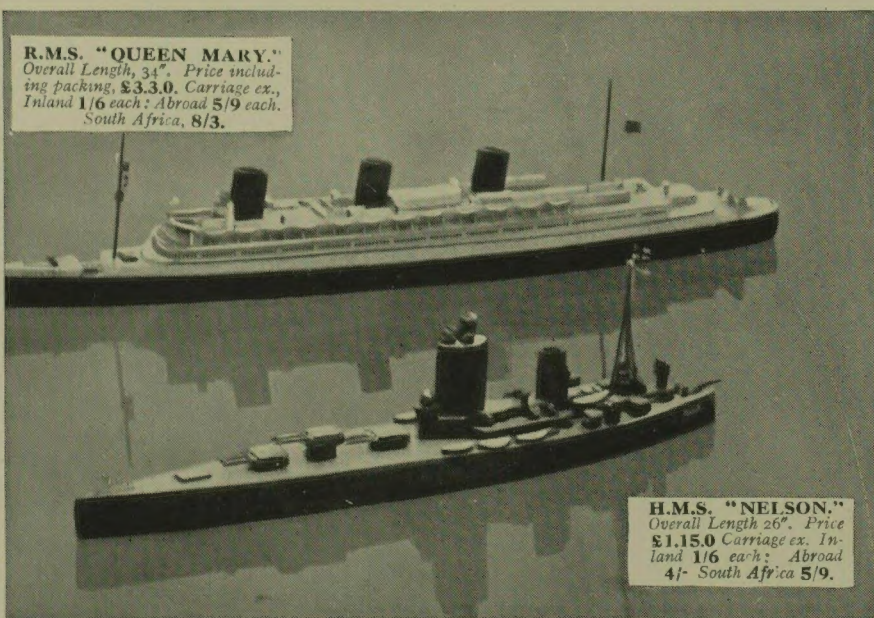
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A most entertaining book of mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith, 200 PAGES IN CLOTH - BOUND COVER

Price 2/6 per Copy (postage 4d. extra)

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Overall Length, 34". Price including  
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● Electrically propelled Models and complete set  
of Code Signal Flags in full Colours with instructions . . .

Interest in our Fleet and mighty ocean Liners was never greater than it is to-day. From the designs of G. H. Davis (Special artist of "The Illustrated London News") have been produced accurate scale models of our mightiest battleship, H.M.S. Nelson, the latest type of cruiser, H.M.S. Southampton, and our greatest liner, R.M.S. Queen Mary. The models, electrically propelled, are offered at exceptionally low prices. Details of H.M.S. Southampton (not illustrated), length 23½".

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*A Gold Lace Evening Gown on a foundation of pink satin.  
From our Model Gown Salon priced at twenty-one guineas.*





By Appointment.



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Original Viennese Model  
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LAROLA SOAP. In boxes of Three Tablets, 2/-; Single Tablets, 8d.

LAROLA ROSE BLOOM (Rouge), the Natural Tint. Sifter boxes with Puff 1/- and 2/6.

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1/6 & 2/6  
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Post free in  
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Write for a copy of the interesting Larola Booklet: "The Cult of Beauty"—post free.

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS LATE  
MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

Perfect with Cheese . . .

Perfect with Butter . . .

. . . with a Glass  
of Wine or  
alone.

*Carr's  
Table  
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*Table  
Water*

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only by*

**CARR'S of CARLISLE**

BISCUIT MAKERS FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS

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to send your Gifts  
in these Boxes?**

A Gift from Harvey Nichols sent on its way in one of these Harvey Nichols Gift Boxes, — that's what all your friends would ask for—if your friends dared hint.

**Just another of those things you will find  
only at HARVEY NICHOLS**

Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1

## WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

It discloses the secret by which you can grow abundant and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of time.

Remarkable results follow this method.

Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

### THE FOLLY OF DYES

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always

conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivory covers of the book mentioned.

### BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair you should write today to the Facktative Co. (Suite 29), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dyes or stains

## WHAT SHALL I GIVE?



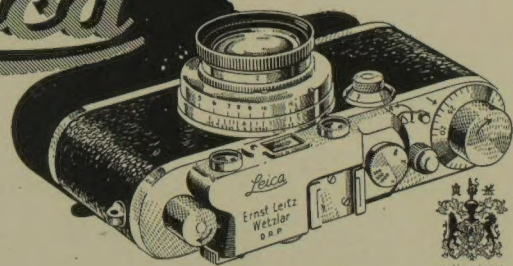
He doesn't fish, he doesn't shoot, he hates motoring, he's not bookish. He (or it may be she) is, in fact, rather difficult. But he'll like taking pictures—everyone does. The Leica camera satisfies, completely and splendidly, the urge which is in everyone of us to create something beautiful. It is the finest camera made and is unbelievable in its comprehensive performance. Call and let us explain its many points of superiority. We make generous allowances on your present apparatus in exchange.

Remember—for those difficult people—and for the others

**—THE ANSWER'S A**

**Leica**

Leica Camera models from £18.5.0. The best complete outfit including the latest model Leica camera, with finest lens, case, filters, films, costs £45.9.6. Sent return post on receipt of cheque. Lists and fuller particulars on request.



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127, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

47, Berkeley St., W.1., 43, Kensington High St., W.8., also City Sale & Exchange (1929) Ltd., at 59/60, Cheapside, 54 Lime St., 90/94, Fleet St., 84, Aldersgate St., 13, Arcade, Liverpool St., E.C.

## FOOT'S ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIRS



Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises. Release the button and the back is instantly locked. The sides open outwards, affording easy access. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and when not in use it slides under the seat.

Catalogue C7 of Adjustable Chairs Post Free.

168  
Gt. Portland St.,  
LONDON, W.1

The 'Library Lounge.'



**You'll be glad  
YOU BOUGHT  
CHIVERS**

—when your guests express their appreciation of your wise selection  
—when grateful letters arrive from friends or relatives abroad—you'll be glad you bought CHIVERS.

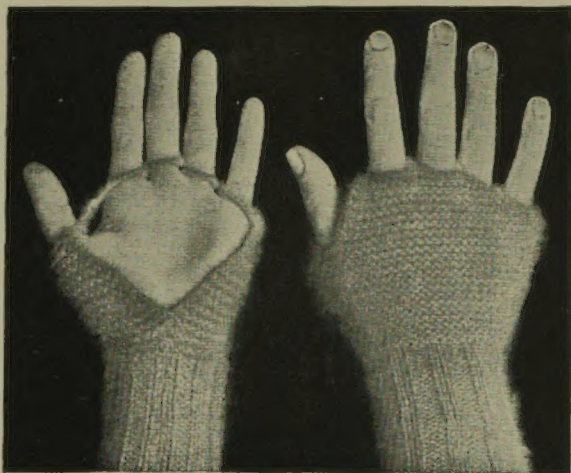
In addition to the products illustrated below, Chivers can a wide range of English Fruits and Vegetables, all conforming to Chivers high standard of quality.



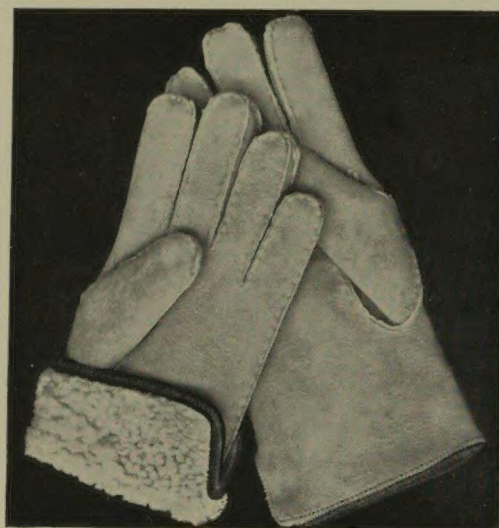
MADE IN THE COUNTRY AT THE ORCHARD FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE

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For Golf, Fishing, Shooting, Winter Tennis, Gardening, and outdoor use in cold weather, leave the fingers and grip free, but keep the hands and wrists warm and supple.



Angora 6/6 All wool 2/6



Reverse Sheepskin  
Gloves, Extra Strong  
Hand-sewn, Suitable  
for Driving, Garden-  
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6/6 per pair.

## MORGAN & BALL,

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## GHOSTS I HAVE SEEN

By Violet Tweedale 2/6 net

Mrs. Tweedale has been a life-long student of psychic phenomena. These 'ghosts' are not the spirits that clank in chains only on Christmas Eve—they are the spectral visitants from the 'other side.' A book of the deepest interest.

## FOUND DEAD

By Violet Tweedale 3/6 net

Six dramatic ghost stories, true and very unusual. The tales are very vividly painted and contain the necessary ingredient of eeriness. A very suitable Christmas gift to thrill-hunting friends.

HERBERT JENKINS, LTD.,  
3, Duke of York St., S.W.1

By Appointment

## Concentrated Bath Essences

(A few drops sprinkled into the bath will soften the water and leave a delicate and lasting perfume)

CARNATION LAVENDER  
ROMAN HYACINTH ROSE GERANIUM

## FLORIS

PERFUMER

89 JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.



## TAKING YOUR CAMERA THIS CHRISTMAS!

If you are looking forward to the Christmas season as a grand opportunity for picture-making, or if you contemplate the purchase of a camera as a present, satisfaction in either case is best assured by specifying a

**ZEISS**  
**TESSAR LENS—**  
"the eagle eye of your camera"

Illustrated list P.4. free from

**CARL ZEISS (London) Ltd.**  
Mortimer House, Mortimer St., W1



## SUPERFLUOUS HAIR Removed by Electrolysis at home

The Vandré Home Electrolysis Outfit enables any lady to remove disfiguring hairs by the genuine Electrolysis process in privacy at home, saving pounds. The only known permanent way. Electrolysis removes each hair and root completely, without any discomfort, leaving the skin lovely. It has never failed and is so simple a child could use it. Guaranteed. Complete with full instructions £4.4.0, or 10/- monthly. Trial free. Illustrated particulars free, in plain envelope.

VANDRÉ, Ltd. (Dept. 58), 189, PITT ST., GLASGOW.

A most  
Entertaining  
Way!



Welcome Always — Keep it Handy

**GRANT'S**  
MORELLA  
**CHERRY**  
**BRANDY**

QUEEN'S SWEET • SPORTSMAN'S DRY



## APPEALING FOR GIFTS AT CHRISTMASTIDE: CAUSES WHICH ASSIST OTHERS AT ALL TIMES.

INAUGURATED in 1866 by the late (seventh) Earl of Shaftesbury, the work of John Groom's Crippleage and Flower Girls' Mission now is fourfold. It provides a Training Home for 300 crippled girls; an Orphanage for 200 girls; a Holiday Home for crippled girls, and undertakes evangelistic and philanthropic work in south-east and east-central London. The founder, Mr. John A. Groom, realised that the treatment of cripples was not complete unless it sought to heal the mind as well as the body, and that this can best be achieved by enabling them to become self-supporting. Admission to the Crippleage is obtainable without votes, payment or influence, the only qualification required being the applicant's need. The girls are trained in the making of artificial flowers at workrooms on the Watford By-pass, at Edgware and at Clerkenwell. On completion of their training they are retained as permanent workers. The Orphanage at Clacton-on-Sea accommodates children whose ages range from a few weeks to sixteen years, and consists of seven semi-detached houses. No uniform is worn, but the children are dressed in the regulation costume of the local schools they attend. A small chapel, sports ground, and gymnasium are provided for spiritual and physical well-being. Fifty-two crippled visitors from the poorer-class homes in and around London can be accommodated at the Holiday Home at Clacton, and here they receive every consideration and comfort. The Training Branch is not as yet self-supporting, owing

to the cost of production and competition from abroad, and the Orphanage and Holiday Home are in need of financial assistance—a Christmas gift would be welcomed by the Secretary, John Groom's Crippleage, 37, Sekforde Street, London, E.C.1.

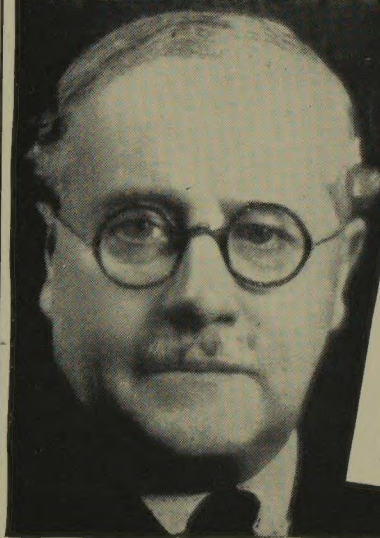
The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship have for the past ninety-four years been engaged in training, educating and maintaining destitute or orphaned children, thus giving them a chance in life with an excellent opportunity to make good. This work has grown from one small room over a cowshed in the Seven Dials to six Homes and a training-ship, where 1100 boys and girls are learning to be useful citizens. There are 240 boys in the *Arethusa*—a steel barque moored in the Medway, near Rochester—training for service in the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine, and the remaining 900 children are going into civil occupations, where over 33,500 have already gone from the Society with marked success. Boys and girls are received from the age of five, and the boys then go to a Home at Royston—later being transferred to Fortescue House School, Twickenham, or Bisley School, near Woking, where they are prepared for a definite trade or calling, while the girls go to Esher Place, Surrey, where they are given the best tuition in domestic duties. At Fordham House, Shaftesbury Avenue, is a Hostel and Technical School. Here boys between the ages of 15½ and 18 years are either given the finishing instructions in tailoring and bootmaking begun at Fortescue House



WHERE OVER TWO HUNDRED CRIPPLED WORKERS ARE IN RESIDENCE AND WHERE THEY ARE TAUGHT ARTIFICIAL FLOWER-MAKING: A SECTION OF ONE OF THE ROOMS AT THE EDGWARE WORKROOMS MAINTAINED BY JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE.

[Continued overleaf.]

### SIR KINGSLEY WOOD



*The Minister of Health*  
Says—  
"I SHALL NOT  
REST CONTENT  
UNTIL EVERY  
POSSIBLE MEANS  
OF REMOVING  
THIS BLOT HAS  
BEEN TRIED"

"Every possible means," demands sufficient funds to provide the most up-to-date methods of treatment and to enable research work to be carried on unceasingly. Then, and only then, can we of The Royal Cancer Hospital (Free) hope to fight a winning battle against cancer, which takes toll of 60,000 lives every year . . . this scourge which may at any moment strike at you or yours. £150,000 is urgently needed. Will you please help by sending a special Christmas Gift to the Treasurer?

**The Royal  
Cancer Hospital**  
(FREE)  
**FULHAM ROAD, LONDON S.W.3**

## Remember . . .

**John** and his 1,100 poor brothers and sisters who are being maintained and trained to take part in the battle of life. The boys in the "Arethusa" Training Ship are being trained for a life at sea, and will enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. John's brothers in the Homes are being trained for definite trades and will always be employable. His sisters are being trained for a domestic life.



"John"

On Christmas Day, please make a collection amongst your friends to help this great work of caring for 1,100 poor boys and girls.

**THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES &  
'ARETHUSA' TRAINING SHIP**  
(FOUNDED 1843)

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2.

PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, K.G.



# CHRISTMAS and the WAIFS

4,700  
BABIES,  
CRIPPLES,  
BOYS AND  
GIRLS  
NOW IN  
OUR CARE

10/-

WILL FEED  
TWO CHILDREN  
FOR A WEEK  
AT CHRISTMAS

WILL YOU  
BE THEIR  
SANTA  
CLAUS?

41,000  
CHILDREN  
ALREADY  
PROVIDED  
FOR

The Smallest GIFT Gratefully received by The Secretary

## WAIFS & STRAYS

KENNINGTON SOCIETY LONDON S.E.11.

[Continued.]

School or at Bisley, or start their careers in business of one sort or another. The children in the Society's Homes are trained for definite trades and are therefore always employable, and when they leave the Homes the Society finds them good positions. This work is in urgent need of funds and all donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

A lighted window with the curtains drawn back is an irresistible attraction to most of us at Christmas time. Inside we shall probably

see a decorated room, happy children playing with their new toys, a bright fire, and almost certainly a Christmas-tree. That is Christmas as we understand it—but here is another picture. It is a stable in which five horses are living, but it is also the only home of four motherless children and their father—an unskilled labourer. Turned out of their few rooms, they had nowhere to go, and this was the only shelter the father could give them. Every day the Waifs and Strays Society is helping children such as these, and will have 4500 stockings to fill this Christmas. For more than half a century it has given homes to needy and cruelly treated children from all parts of the country—in all, to more than 40,000. And the Society's Homes are real homes. They are all



THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT AT THE ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE: ONE OF THE CHILDREN CARED FOR AT THE SCHOOL AT MAITLAND PARK, LONDON.

small, so that every child may have individual care. All the children are trained to earn their own living; the girls learn dressmaking, laundry and domestic work, and the boys are taught printing, carpentry, gardening, tailoring, etc. Nearly 500 of the children in the Society's Homes are crippled, suffering from rickets, infantile paralysis, etc., and special Hospital Homes are provided for them where they are made straight and strong by sun-ray and expert surgical treatment. No destitute child who comes to the Society is ever turned away.

Anything that can be done to forward the efforts now being made by the Royal Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, to give hope to those afflicted, by providing treatment and a possible cure, is surely more than worth while. To those who have intimate knowledge of the suffering and despair caused by the disease, it must appear nothing short of a tragedy that the beneficent work of those engaged in dealing with it should be hampered through lack of the necessary funds to enable them to carry on. At the present moment the committee of the Royal Cancer Hospital are faced with the urgent necessity of extending the Research Institute, modernising the wards, and providing more accommodation for nurses. These extensions will cost £150,000. It is difficult to see where the money is coming from, particularly as the present income is insufficient to pay for the free treatment of patients. We commend this urgent appeal to the generosity of our readers, and would ask them to support this most important work to their utmost extent. Gifts should be sent to the Secretary, The Royal Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, S.W.3.

Cancer annually takes its toll of thousands of lives, but at the same time research work is carried on unceasingly in an effort to determine its causes and its cure. This work is forwarded by the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, as a centre for research and information on cancer, the Imperial Research Fund is working on the systematic investigation of the disease

## Imperial Cancer Research Fund

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.

President—THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.

Chairman of the Executive Committee—SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, Bt., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.

Hon. Treasurer—SIR HOLBURN WARING, Bt., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.

Director—DR. W. E. GYE.

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for research and information on cancer, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. But our present accommodation is too limited and we are now building new modern laboratories to extend the scope of our investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

Donations, Subscriptions and Legacies are earnestly solicited, and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, 8-11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1.

### FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 8-11, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1, for the purpose of Scientific Research and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.



### THIS HAPPINESS

is evidence of the affection and care bestowed upon the girls and boys at the Alexandra Orphanage at Maitland Park, London. This little girl was admitted three years ago at the age of four. She will remain until she is 15 at least. There are 380 now in residence. Many are receiving secondary education or technical training. Will you help these fatherless or motherless children by sending a donation? We need £10,000 each year above our assured income.

## ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE

FOUNDED 1758.

Patrons:

H.M. THE KING H.M. QUEEN MARY  
President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, K.G.

Hon. Treasurer: JAMES V. RANK, ESQ.

Offices: 34-40, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4

## THIS CHRISTMASTIDE PLEASE REMEMBER THE

480 beds

6,410

In Patients

376,744

Out Patient  
Attendances

# ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

HOLLOWAY LONDON, N.7

Gilbert G. Panter, Secretary

Send your gift now to The Rt. Hon. Sir Philip Sassoon, Bart., M.P., Hon. Treasurer



in man and animals. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and, moreover, the laboratories became too small for the scope of the work, necessitating the building of new and modern laboratories. This expansion makes it imperative for the Fund to appeal for donations, subscriptions and legacies, which should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, 8-11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1.

Christmas is the season when children and their many needs occupy a special niche in our thoughts. Few can remain untouched by the light in a child's eyes as, on Christmas morning, it opens the surprise packets; it is hard, also, to resist the eager rush to the door when the postman showers the greeting cards on the mat. Dr. Barnardo's Homes are hoping that the postman will be a frequent caller at their door, for although the famous door in Stepney is ever-open to destitute childhood, the postman *has* to knock at it. Will you ensure that he knocks to good purpose by writing out a cheque now and addressing it to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent is President of the Alexandra Orphanage, which cares for 380 fatherless or motherless boys and girls at the School at Maitland Park, London, N.W., and several scholars there owe their reception to his kindly interest. Children who show ability are given opportunities for secondary education or technical training, and many former scholars have attained influential positions, helping the school to assist the new generation which seeks its help. Each year, £10,000 must be raised by voluntary donations, and contributions will be welcomed by the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. James V. Rank, at the offices of the Alexandra Orphanage, 34-40, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Standing in a district peopled only by the poor and the very poor, is the Royal Northern Hospital, and to a million men, women and children living within the area it serves it is not merely a hospital, it is *the* hospital. They rely upon it for the alleviation of all their so pitiful ills, and this means they rely upon those who, living in happier circumstances, will give something to enable the hospital to carry on its gigantic task. The necessary amount cannot be raised among the patients, though they do what they can, and the yearly egg and coal bills must be met, and out-patients treated, so that even small sums are of importance. For those who would like to perpetuate the memory of a friend or relation, no finer memorial could be found than by naming a ward at a cost of £5000, or by endowing a bed for £750. In fact, no sum is too large or too small. Your gift should be sent to the Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7.

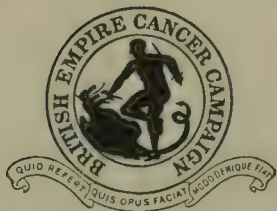


ONE OF DR. BARNARDO'S VAST FAMILY OF 8200 BOYS AND GIRLS WHO ARE APPEALING TO YOU THIS CHRISTMAS: A HAPPY INMATE OF THE BABIES' CASTLE AT HAWKHURST, KENT.

Among the centres of research which are conducting an energetic attack upon cancer, which strikes down rich and poor, old and young, is the British Empire Cancer Campaign. The campaign has branches throughout the Homeland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. The struggle to conquer this scourge is a matter which concerns everyone, for cancer kills one person in seven over the age of thirty-five, and brings suffering and sadness in its train. The Honorary Treasurer in charge of the War Chest (now sadly depleted) is anxious that it should be replenished. All contributions will be gratefully received by him at 12, Grosvenor Crescent, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.

## BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN

Patron: H.M. THE KING.



DONATIONS ARE  
URGENTLY NEEDED  
TO CARRY ON THIS  
WAR AGAINST  
CANCER.

CANCER is of urgent interest to every one of us. It attacks rich and poor, old and young, and brings suffering and infinite sadness in its train.

*The Rt. Hon. Lord Wardington, speaking at the Annual General Meeting, said:*

"Intending donors who wish to assist a large number of Institutions and individuals engaged in fighting cancer, could not do better than send their gifts to this Campaign. A glance at the schedule of grants made last year, will indicate how numerous are the research centres we finance."

Please send a special Christmas Gift to the Hon. Treasurer:  
BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN, 12, GROSVENOR CRESCENT, LONDON, S.W.1.

Please remember  
**US . . .**

"We're looking forward to a happy Christmas in Dr. Barnardo's Homes."

Many of the 8,200 girls and boys now in the care of the Homes will be spending their first really happy Christmas. Without children, Christmas would be a very dull affair indeed, but with 8,200 youngsters to cater for the Festive Season is always an anxious time for Barnardo's. Please lend a hand!

**Dr. BARNARDOS HOMES**

**10/-**  
would be very acceptable.

Will you make at least one little child happy this Christmas?

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to 92 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway London, E.1.

**S.O.S**

**Don't forget this in your Christmas Giving**

**For 70 YEARS JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE and Flower Girls' Mission** has been doing a great and merciful work, helping crippled girls to become partially self-supporting. These girls are admitted from all over the country without votes or payment of any kind. Some are blind, some deaf and dumb, some have only one hand or effective arm, some have spinal trouble. They are trained to make exquisite flowers—Orchids, Anemones, Lilies, Wistarias, Magnolias—for decorating rooms, banqueting halls, etc.

But this training costs money—so the number of cripples admitted is strictly limited by the funds available. There are many deserving cases on the "Waiting List." Must we turn a deaf ear to their urgent appeals for admission? *The work is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions and occasional legacies received.*

Her Majesty the Queen, as Duchess of York, visited the Crippleage and expressed great satisfaction at the happy conditions under which the crippled girls work.

In addition to the 300 Crippled Girls at Edgware and Clerkenwell, 200 orphan girls are cared for in Orphan Homes at Clacton-on-Sea. Rest and Seaside Homes for Cripples are also maintained at Clacton.

**What the Press says (one of many tributes):—**

*"To see girls so cruelly handicapped physically, showing the pluck and perseverance and patience which must go into the work they do, makes one thankful for men such as the late John A. Groom."*

Make YOUR Christmas happier by making these cripples happy. Please send your contribution now. Postcard addressed to the Secretary will bring interesting literature.

**JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE**  
AND FLOWER-GIRLS' MISSION  
(INC.)

37, SEKFORDE STREET, CLERKENWELL, LONDON, E.C.1.



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you fit~*

*Science plus Nature's finest foods~*

SCIENCE was never more justified than in the long and patient researches which produced 'Ovaltine.' This perfect tonic food has for many years wielded an unrivalled influence for health throughout the world, and is the food beverage most widely recommended by doctors everywhere.

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The proprietors of 'Ovaltine' go to unusual lengths to maintain the exceptionally high quality of

'Ovaltine.' The 'Ovaltine' Factory, Dairy Farm and Egg Farm are world-famous because of the most modern scientific methods employed.

'Ovaltine' provides every single feature required by advanced scientific thought today, and is the most economical food beverage you can buy. Reject substitutes.

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*The World's Supreme Tonic Food Beverage*

The 'Ovaltine' Egg Farm  
extending over 350 acres & with  
accommodation for 100,000 birds

The 'Ovaltine' Dairy Farm  
with its renowned herd of  
Pedigree Jersey Cows



## SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

**PRESENTATION PLATE** in Colours: "THE APPLE OF HIS MAJESTY'S EYE." From a Painting by WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER.

**COVER-PICTURE** in Colours: "FROST SCENE." By Isack van Ostade (1621-1649).

This delightful painting ranks as one of the finest works of an artist who, had he lived longer (he died at the age of about twenty-eight), might well have outrivalled Albrecht Cuyp. Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery. Copyright Reserved.

**CAPTAIN QUIBBLE.** A Short Story by W. TOWNEND, Author of "Voyage Without End," and "They Crossed the Reef." With Illustrations by ALFRED SINDALL.

"A RUNAWAY KNOCK." A Full-Page Reproduction in Colours of the Painting by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

"LA CHASSE DE COMPIÈGNE." A Double-Page in Colours. A Reproduction of a continuous Mural Panel, representing a stag-hunt, made in Paris in the year before Waterloo.

"A PARISIAN FÊTE IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS XVIII." A Full Page in Colours. Reproductions of two scenes from old French wallpapers.

**THE MIRACLE OF THE VIRGIN'S CLOTHES.** A Short Story by MARGARET LANE, Author of "Faith, Hope, No Charity" and "At Last the Island." With Illustrations by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.B.A.

"EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY." Four Pages in Colours. Reproductions of the Story-Pictures in which the Victorians delighted.

**INTRODUCING DIBBER.** A Short Story by E. D. DICKINSON. With Illustrations by EDMUND BLAMPY.

**LA FONTAINE IN FAR COUNTRIES.** Three Pages of Coloured Reproductions.

The pictorial interpretations of the immortal fables which were executed in Africa and the East for the Baron Feuille de Conches, a great collector of all that had to do with the famous fabulist; together with a descriptive article.

"THE MADONNA AND CHILD." A Full Page Reproduction in Colours of a Painting attributed to VAN ORLEY.

"A DREAM OF CHRISTMAS EVE." A Full Page Reproduction in Colours of a Painting by A. L. RICHTER.

NOTE.—All the characters in the fiction in this number are imaginary.

**A GREAT EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY NOVEL PICTURED BY AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ARTIST.** Two Pages of Reproductions, in Colours, of Illustrations done by J. M. WRIGHT to Fielding's "TOM JONES."

"DRAKE AND FROBISHER DISCUSS A FUTURE ENTERPRISE." A Double-Page Reproduction in Colours of the Painting by A. D. McCORMICK, R.I.

"THE CARLISLE STATE COACH OF THE 'FORTIES IN COUNTRY CONQUERED BY THE RAILWAY." A Double-Page Reproduction in Colours of the Painting by HENRY ALKEN.

"LEGENDS FROM THE LAND OF FAERY." Two Full-Page Reproductions in Colours of Paintings by DAPHNE ALLEN. I.—"The Four Mystic Treasures of the Shee." II.—"Immortal 'Falias of the North.'"

**GIRLHOOD—BY OLD MASTERS.** Two Full Pages in Colours. I.—"Elisabeth of Saxony." By Lucas Cranach. II.—"Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan." By Holbein the Younger.

"BEFORE THE DAYS OF CONTRACT: CARD PLAYERS BY OLD MASTERS." A Page in Colours. I.—"Playing Cards at the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century"—A group by Lucas van Leyden. II.—"Playing Cards in the Seventeenth Century"—A Painting by Nicolas Maes.

**THE MOTIVE.** A Short Story by RONALD KNOX, Author of "Double Cross Purposes" and "Still Dead," etc. With Illustrations by W. R. S. STOTT.

**EXTREMES MEET.** A new Victoria Play, Specially Written for *The Illustrated London News* Christmas Number by LAURENCE HOUSMAN, Author of "Victoria Regina" and "The Unexpected Years." With Illustrations by GORDON NICOLL, R.I.

"A PRAYER TO SANTA CLAUS." A Full Page in Colours from the Painting entitled "God Bless Us All," by ETHEL EVERETT.

"THE MORNING STAR OF SONG." A Full Page Reproduction in Colours of the Painting "Chaucer at the Court of Edward III." By FORD MADDOX BROWN.

**TO ARMS FOR ART'S SAKE.** A Short Story by DOUGLAS NEWTON.

### A RUNAWAY KNOCK.

(John Thomas, Hall Porter, loquiter.)

It's a quarter to five, as I am alive!  
and that knocker's at rest for a wonder;

It's been going all day, as a body may say,  
like werry good minatur thunder. I'm used to that now; knockers will make a row; it's their natur, and that there's no helping;

But with every rat-tat-tat-a-tat-tat,  
all Missus's dogs begin yelping!

There's that Hile-o'-Skye—all 'air and no hey,  
like a muff upon legs—as sits up and begs, and turns up his nose at boiled chicken,

And that fat wheezy span'nel wot they wraps up in flannel, I'd warm his hold 'ide with a lickin'.

I don't henvy my berth—it's the 'ardest on earth,  
and it's long since I made the diskivery,

Twenty-five pounds a year, no washing,  
NO BEER! one 'at and but two suits of livery.

My powder is found—(that's to say I've a pound,  
which I puts profit side of my ledger,

'Cos I'm in the good books 'always of the cooks,  
and they flours my 'ead with the dredger).



"A Runaway Knock," a flight of humour in the Victorian taste, is of interest as showing George Cruikshank, famous as an illustrator and caricaturist, working in the medium of oils. It forms the front-page of this Christmas Number. Here we give a reproduction of the original woodcut of the picture, printed in "The Illustrated London News" in 1855, together with the verses that accompanied it. And though gorgeously uniformed servants are perhaps rarer than they were in the 'fifties, "runaway" knocks and rings occur on occasion.

All day in this chair, not a mossel of hair,  
'cept when in the square I takes all the dogs out a-hairin'.

And the little boys chaff and sings out  
"Wot a calf!" their imperance really's past bearin'.

"Rat-atat-tat-a-tat," I wonder who's that?  
"Rat-a-tat," I'm coming as fast as I can, Sir,

What's this! Why, good gracious!! Someone—how howdacious!!! Why, there isn't not no one to answer!!!

(Closes door with a bang.)

Has the world come to that! "Rat-tat-atat-tat"; there's all precious dogs set a-barking.

Who was that, Ma'am? Why, Ma'am, I can't keep myself calm! With our knocker some wagabone's larking!

"Run and fetch the police!" I can't do it, Ma'am, please. Natur never intended I should run.

By the door, Ma'am, I'll stand, with a stick in my hand, and I'll give the next scoundrel a good one!

Rat-a-tat — Yow-how-how! — "Mercy! What's happened now?" Why, I've just been and trod on dear Shock, Ma'am.

Why, there's no one! We've miss'd 'em. They'll ruin my system. I shall die of a runaway knock, Ma'am!





"We lie on the sand, the whole thirteen of us, barrin' the mate, with our eyes shut tight an' our tongues swollen an' our mouths open. . . . He's away the minute we strike the shore an' is gone a matter of mebbe a half-hour."

## CAPTAIN QUIBBLE.

By W. TOWNEND,

Author of "Voyage Without End." "They Crossed the Reef."

Illustrated by ALFRED SINDALL.

**T**HE lean, broad-shouldered, unshaven man with the brown face and the sad, dark eyes and the limp seated himself by my side, unasked and unwelcomed. He groped in the pockets of his ragged clothing and produced an old, evil-smelling pipe, which he filled with tobacco from a twist of newspaper.

"Lend me a match, will ye, mister?" he said.

I passed him a box. He lit his pipe and began to smoke.

Presently, having inspected his broken shoes for some time in silence, he turned his head and said:

"Ye couldn't oblige me with the loan of a couple of shillin's, could ye, mister? Or half-a-crown, say? I've not touched a morsel of food all day." He added hastily, as I shook my head, "Ah, listen, will ye! I'll pay ye back the minute I git my money."

I sat and gazed past Penarth Head, at the blue waters of the Bristol Channel and the passing steamers and the blue sky flecked with tiny white clouds.

The lean, broad-shouldered man sighed. "It's always the way," he said. "A seafarin' man hasn't a chance of bein' believed without he's the gift o' tellin' the tale."

"If you're a seafaring man," I said, "Why on earth don't you go back to sea?"

"An' not find what's become of Hack Pillow?" he said, with a look of scorn. "Would I be throwin' away, mebbe, a million pounds? Not likely. It's my money as much as it is his. I've got to find Hack, an' find him I will, if he's alive. Find him I will. If he's dead—as dead he may be, an' should be—I'll waste no tears on him, but it won't make things no aisier." He paused and frowned. "But suppose," he said, "suppose now he's stole a march on



"Out of the bush there come natives, six of 'em, thin, short, fierce-lookin' men, with bits of turbans about their heads . . . an' all of them armed with spears an' bows an' arrowses."

me." His face clouded. His eyes narrowed. His thin lips tightened on the stem of his pipe. He looked hard and cruel and merciless, and I could pity the Hack Pillow he was talking about if ever he fell into his hands. "Suppose the low, damn thievin' hound is after nippin' in ahead of me an' takin' his whack of the gold an' mine as well! What then?"

"What gold?" I said. "And why should it be yours and Hack Pillow's?"

He looked at me sideways, furtively, as though considering whether to speak or not. "Ah!" he said. "You may well ask. Why should Hack an' me have the dividin' of all that wealth, when fifteen of us got away in the Number Two lifeboat: the mate's boat? An' why not? That's the quare part of it. But there's quarer than that."

"Fifteen of us got away in the mate's boat; Mr. Hamose bein' the mate. Five were drowned when the *Helston* sank. Sixteen were with the owld man in the Number One boat and not a sowl of 'em ever seen or heard on ag'in. That was the crowd; thirty-six in all."

"The wonder to me is how ever we come through alive, anny of us. Two didn't. They died of heat-stroke an' thirst. The second engineer, a hearty drinker he was, but close-fisted, was delirious to'rds the end, an' before he passed out kep' tellin' us he'd swap all the gold in the world, which wasn't his, for a cup o' cowl'd water. Water, he kep' explainin', was the most valuable thing there was. He was right, we thought. Captain Quibble wouldn't have agreed with him, all the same."

"Two of the crowd died. That meant there was thirteen of us when we reached the island. An unlucky number, thirteen. You wait an' I'll tell yez."

"Do you know that part o' the world? It's all islands

[Continued on page 53.]



The  
finest Christmas  
Whisky is Dewar's  
"White  
Label"



..and there's no disguising it!



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Also April Violets, Freesia, Jessamine, etc.

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THE APPLE OF HIS MAJESTY'S EYE.

Published by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd.

The popular estimate of Charles II. is not always correct, and it is too often forgotten what a great debt the Navy owed to him. The Navy was one of his child interests, and he devoted a considerable amount of his private fortune to maintaining it at the highest pitch of efficiency. Among his favourite recreations was an almost weekly visit to the Fleet in one of his yachts. "Shipping and sea affairs," wrote the Duke of Buckingham, "seemed to be so much his talent, both in knowledge as well as inclination, that a war of that kind was rather an entertainment than any disturbance to his thoughts.... 'Tis certain no Prince was ever more fitted by nature for his country's interest than he was in all his maritime inclinations." This tribute is quoted in Mr. Arthur Bryant's "King Charles II." where he adds: "If Charles was master of soft pleasures, he was also King of England and therefore sovereign of the sea. Ever since he had first felt the throb of the tiller as a boy, he had loved her, and . . . twenty leagues by water were pleasanter to him than two by land. His pride was in the gilded ships that swung with the tides at Spithead and the Nore; the symbol of his power their brass guns." Hence we may well term his Fleet, as shown above, "the apple of his eye."

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER.



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1937



"A RUNAWAY KNOCK."

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

A wood engraving of this amusing picture by George Cruikshank (1792-1878) appeared in "The Illustrated London News" of February 17, 1855, with a humorous poem, which is reprinted later in the present number. This reproduction of the original painting might well be added to our series of illustrations, on other pages, to which we give the general heading, "Every Picture Tells a Story."—[COPYRIGHT RESERVED.]





### A STAG-HUNT DEPICTED ON WALLPAPER: A CONTINUOUS MURAL PANORAMA

Long before William Morris, wallpapers of the more luxurious sort became a medium of high art. In France they reached their zenith at the end of the eighteenth century through Reveillon, a Paris manufacturer who employed the best artists as designers, was patronized by Louis XVI, and produced wallpapers representing paintings in panels. During the French Revolution his factory was pillaged, and he died in exile, but his work was worthily continued by Jacquemart and Besnard. In 1814 they produced the above example, probably designed by Carl Vernet, depicting a stag-hunt at

*Reproduced by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum from*

### MADE IN PARIS IN THE YEAR BEFORE WATERLOO "LA CHASSE DE COMPIÈGNE"

Compiègne from start to finish. The two sections here reproduced would form a continuous scene if the right-hand end of the upper section were joined to the left-hand end of the lower. These French wallpapers covered a whole room with a continuous episode. Though produced in revolutionary times, they were freely exported to England and America. An Exhibition of M. André Carlier's collection of scenic and panoramic wallpapers, held this year in London by Messrs. Arthur Sanderson and Sons, contained copies of the above example and of that given on the next page, a copy presented to it by the late Sir William Ingram. III





WALLPAPERS THAT ILLUSTRATE LIFE IN FORMER DAYS: A PARISIAN FÊTE ON THE RESTORATION OF LOUIS XVIII.



A TRAVELLING SHOW AT THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES IN 1815: ANOTHER SECTION OF THE SAME WALLPAPER.

Here we see portions of a panoramic French wallpaper, complete in twenty-five lengths, produced in Paris probably at the beginning of the Restoration in 1815, after the fall of Napoleon, and considered in France the most important of the period panoramas in that medium. It is entitled "La Fête du Roi aux Champs-Élysées." Various scenes are depicted, including free theatrical performances, and one of them (reproduced above) introduces historic figures of the popular stage—Pierrot, Bobèche and Galimafré. Among the spectators in the lower illustration may be noted an English father keeping a careful hold of his two daughters.

*By Courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Sanderson & Sons, 53, Berners Street. From their Exhibition of M. André Carhian's Collection of Scenic and Panoramic Wallpapers*





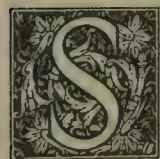
As for Sister Emilie, she seems quite content. She sits in the kitchen-garden, among the mint and chives and garlic, out of sight of visitors. . . . Of course, she says nothing. But she seems to meditate peacefully enough in her own mind, and smiles with her accustomed gentleness.

## THE MIRACLE OF THE VIRGIN'S CLOTHES.

By MARGARET LANE,

Author of "Faith, Hope, No Charity," "At Last the Island," etc.

Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.B.A.



ISTER EMILIE is an old woman now, rather crazy. She sits most of the time in a wheeled chair in the vegetable garden when the sun is warm enough, and in winter they put her beside the fire in the small refectory. She asks nothing, sits by herself mumbling and dozing and smiling vaguely; but all the same, a helpless old woman is rather a nuisance in a busy convent. It is two years now since she lost her voice and the use of her limbs on the day of the miracle, and the sisters piously believe it cannot be long before God sees fit to relieve them of the burden.

They are quite kind to her, of course. She has a pair of mittens for her hands in the cold weather, and at meal times one of the lay-sisters feeds her with a spoon. They keep her clean, wiping her face and hands after meals and rubbing briskly at the food stains on the front of her habit, but there is no denying that she is a dead weight on the community. The sisters have been so busy since the Christmas of the miracle, what with trainloads of pilgrims arriving at Mélaubon pretty well all the year round and rich penitents coming in their cars to the convent at appropriate seasons, that it is all they can do to attend to everything, even without the added nuisance of an aged invalid. As for Sister Emilie, she seems quite content. She sits in the kitchen-garden, among the mint and chives and garlic, out of sight of visitors, and in the small refectory, where only lay-sisters and novices take their meals. Of course, she says nothing. But she seems to meditate peacefully enough in her own mind, and smiles with her accustomed gentleness.

She was never one of the clever ones, even when she was young, coming down from that village in the north more than fifty years ago, to begin her novitiate; and for the last few years she has been good for nothing but the simplest jobs and the Mother Superior's errands. Before the miracle, when the Convent of Our Lady of the Five Sorrows was impoverished and obscure, a dilapidated huddle of old tiled roofs and sun-baked walls on the second highest hill behind Mélaubon, she could be sent down to the village a dozen times a day with her great basket and a list of groceries

and small commissions which the Mother Superior or Sister Thérèse had written out for her. Since she became helpless, needless to say, she has not been of the slightest use to anybody, and two of the overworked lay-sisters have had to divide between them the tiresome business of running the errands and doing all the cleaning of the chapel.

Sister Emilie loved the chapel. It is old and dark and musty, smelling of dust and flowers and incense, and the heavy waxen reek of spent candles. She used to spend hours a day there, being old and slow, sweeping the floor and changing the candles every morning, tolling the great bell for Primes long before daybreak, patiently extinguishing the candles after Vespers. It was she, too, who could always find flowers in the overgrown hedges of the vegetable garden, putting frail morning-glories and bright sprays of mimosa and bougainvillea on the altar during summer, below the feet of the sad-faced wooden Virgin from which the convent takes its name. The Mother Superior regarded the flowers as a childish weakness of Sister Emilie's, but she usually allowed them.

Since the miracle brought fame and prosperity to the convent, rich people have kept the chapel supplied with lilies and orchids and expensive blooms from their greenhouses, some of them sending from as far away as Paris, and the hedges where the morning-glories used to grow have been cut down to enlarge the garden. There is nothing humble or childish about the decoration nowadays, and Sister Emilie, when they wheel her into the chapel for the various offices, looks sometimes a little bewildered by the splendour about her.

It was two years ago, during the Christmas of the miracle, that Sister Emilie for the last time performed her duties in the chapel. She had swept the floor, moving about in the shadows with slow steps, and had arranged the rows of hassocks for the next office. Then, after putting the broom away and washing her hands in a basin in the sacristy, she knelt down (painfully, because her knees were stiff) and fell into a reverie—half-prayer, half vacancy—her gaze fixed on the carved wooden features of the Madonna.





The oil, the garlic, and the vinegar she did not mention, though they were written plainly enough on the list she held in her hand. Instead, she . . . went on down the street, pausing from time to time to glance about her.

It is a pleasing image, narrow-faced and gentle, and Sister Emilie found comfort in its expression. The body of the effigy one could not see, it being swathed in a thin black drapery that for longer than anyone could remember had clothed the Virgin like one of the sisters of the order. The stuff was old, older than anyone could guess, rotted and frayed in the folds that had endured the air and incense of two centuries. It was dusty, too, faded and threadbare in a dozen places, but this could not be helped. The cloth was too frail to touch, worn as thin as a cobweb, and sharing, by its very age, the Virgin's sanctity. Sister Emilie gazed and prayed, kneeling stiffly and patiently, with the immobility of the old. The hollow eyes of the Virgin gazed kindly back at her.

After a little while, as her thoughts wandered, Sister Emilie was aware of a curious thing. It seemed for an instant as though the Virgin's lips had moved—as though she had wished to speak, or had sighed, perhaps. Straining her eyes in the dim light, the old nun leaned forward, listening. Such things had happened before; she remembered hearing tell of them in her childhood. Claspings her hands, forgetting the coldness of the stone floor piercing her bones, she closed her eyes and listened.

"Emilie," said the Virgin in a whisper, and she said it with the forgotten accent of that northern village where the old woman had been a child. "Emilie, are not my clothes old and shabby?"

Emilie opened her eyes and looked, her lips trembling. She could see the dust lying on the frayed cobweb of drapery, dust as thick and undisturbed as on the wooden features of the image.

"Sweet Mother of Heaven," said Emilie, ashamed, "they are indeed old."

"Emilie, my daughter," said the voice again, a voice no louder than the rustle of a leaf, "in three days will my Son be born. And I have

no raiment of gold in which to welcome Him."

Sister Emilie clasped her hands and wept. It was shameful, shameful. A tear welled over from her closed eyes and ran down a furrow to the corner of her mouth. Holding her breath, she waited for something further. At last, hearing nothing, she opened her eyes. The wooden face was calm, composed. She questioned it, in an awed whisper. But the Virgin spoke no more.

The following morning, being Christmas Eve, Sister Emilie went down with her basket to the village. In a leather purse hidden in a pocket under the folds of her habit, were five ten-franc pieces, doled out by the Mother Superior from her private drawer.

"Waste no time," the Mother Superior had told her mechanically, handing her the slip of paper on which Sister Thérèse, frugal and capable, had written out the quantities of oil, garlic, vinegar, lentils, fish, meat and yeast to be bought for the kitchen, "there is much to do before this evening." The Mother Superior was a stout, dark woman with a decisive manner. She rarely failed to send Sister Emilie off with this injunction, for she had been irritated in the past by the old woman's slowness and stupidity. It would have been quicker and safer, always, to send one of the other sisters down to the village, but the others were generally occupied with useful work, and there was little enough now of which the old nun was capable. She watched her for a moment from the window with a preoccupied frown, then turned with an abrupt sigh to the day's business.

It was a gusty December day, with a cold wind blowing, and Sister Emilie went down the hill more slowly than usual, the wind whipping her heavy skirts about her as she walked, smarting her knuckles and making her eyes water. Nevertheless, she smiled secretly to herself. She had more important business to attend to than the Mother Superior's groceries.

In the village she went methodically, as usual, from one shop to the next, waiting her turn behind the village women, fumbling laboriously for her leather purse when she had made her purchases. She chose and counted the fish, prodded the meat with an accustomed finger, watched

the weighing of the lentils with a careful eye, and tenderly packed the parcel of yeast in her basket. The oil, the garlic, and the vinegar she did not mention, though they were written plainly enough on the list she held in her hand. Instead, she listened and nodded to the *épiciers*' remarks on the weather, and the prowess of his children, and went on down the street, pausing from time to time to glance about her. She was too familiar a figure for anyone to take much notice of her, and when, instead of taking the road that led back up the hill, she turned the corner by the smithy and down past the café where the old men played dominoes, nobody even turned their head to look after her. That street led down to the shabbier end of the village, but was as good a way for an old woman to take as any other.

Not until she had passed the last stone cottage and come out on the edge of the field where the painted caravans of the gypsies stood did she pause for breath. In all the fifty years that she had lived above the village she had never been here before, and she peered around anxiously for what she wanted. It was a disreputable field, charred with the smoke of the gypsies' fires and fluttering with their belongings, and horses grazed and children and dogs ran about the place together.

It was a field that the village children loved, nevertheless, for it was here that the travelling showmen came at Christmas and other holidays, setting up their puppet shows in the town square, and sometimes, on memorable occasions, producing a decrepit roundabout or a shooting-gallery. The showmen were housed in caravans at the further end of the field, marking their superiority over the gypsies, and it was to this point that Sister Emilie picked her way, clasping her heavy basket and looking short-sightedly about her.

A woman nursing a baby on the steps of a caravan stared as she came in sight, and Sister Emilie stopped and spoke gently to her.



"My child, have any among you any silk to sell?"

The woman continued to stare at her without answering, then jerked her head ungraciously. "My mother is behind there, unpacking the hampers. You had better ask her." She dropped her eyes indifferently to the child she was suckling.

Behind the caravan Sister Emilie found a dark-eyed and enormous woman bending over a basket. She was so stout that she rested one hand rigidly on her knee to enable her to bend her girth at all. She was groping about in the hamper with the other hand, bringing out one by one the crude wooden figures and shabby properties of the travelling puppet show, the unvarying entertainment that delighted the village children every Christmas and went on in the New Year to perform in Mélaubon.

Sister Emilie set her basket on the ground and repeated her question. The woman raised herself laboriously.

"*Ma sœur*, we are not shopkeepers, we are players. We have only our own properties, which we use to-night."

Sister Emilie hesitated. "Perhaps," she said, desirously eyeing the gay colours that she could see lying in confusion at the bottom of the hamper, "perhaps you have a piece of bright stuff that could be spared?" She groped in the folds of her habit for her leather purse. "It is for a great occasion; I should pay well for it."

The woman's eyes wandered to the purse and back to the hamper. She shrugged her shoulders. "How large a piece?" she asked suspiciously. "We have little to spare."

Sister Emilie made an eager movement with her hands. "Not large, but so! Something rich and bright. Such a stuff, you understand, as a Lady might wear for the visit of her Son." She opened her purse and poured out into her palm two ten-franc pieces, the two that the Mother Superior had counted out for the oil, the garlic, and the vinegar.

A spark of interest lit in the woman's eyes. After all, the old nun was obviously mad, but that was good money in her hand, and there were plenty of odd pieces in the bottom of the basket. She bent down, with a grunt of effort, rummaging. While Sister Emilie held her breath she delved about in the hamper with her free hand, then straightened herself, producing with the air of one conferring a favour a thin and folded piece of shining scarlet.

Sister Emilie nodded delightedly. It was bright, glorious. Old, undoubtedly, but still, as the woman pointed out, with good pieces in it. And in the borders, tracing the gay pattern that had seduced the showman's wife into buying the gaudy thing when she was thirty years younger, there were gold threads.

Sister Emilie's fingers trembled as she took it. Oh, it was beautiful, perfect! Carefully she put the folded silk in the bosom of her habit, tucking it in so that no corner of its brightness could be seen. The woman accepted the money with a touch of wryness. After all, if the reverend sister (who was undoubtedly deranged) cared to pay twice as much as the thing was worth, that was her affair. And it had been a good scarf in its time—pure silk, bought in Lyons all those years ago, and scarcely faded.

The bell for the midday meal had sounded before Sister Emilie, trembling and out of breath, reached the top of the hill. She was late, later than she had ever been before in returning from the village, and the effort of hurrying with the heavy basket had unnerved her. She set it down on the floor of the kitchen, avoiding the two lay-sisters who were clattering plates together and filling the soup-tureens, and made her way as quickly as she could to the refectory. There, after excusing herself to the Mother Superior and taking her place at the end of the bench, her nerves relaxed a little. Half of her task, she told herself, crumbling her bread, was already accomplished. But her heart was still beating fiercely and uncomfortably, and she could eat no dinner.

In the afternoon, checking the stores with Sister Thérèse, the Mother

Superior betrayed justifiable vexation. As if, she pointed out, there were not little enough that Sister Emilie was capable of doing, she had now returned from the village with three of the most important commissions forgotten.

"No oil, no vinegar, no garlic," she said finally, irritably going over the parcels, "and not possible to get any more until after Christmas."

"I wrote them down," said Sister Thérèse, sucking her pencil. "I distinctly remember writing them down." She looked troubled.

"I shall speak to Sister Emilie," said the Mother Superior, adjusting her coif with a little nervous movement of the hand that was a habit with her. "In a community as poor as ours one cannot afford either forgetfulness or negligence."

But Sister Emilie, when sought for, was not to be found, and recollecting that at this hour she was probably preparing the chapel for midnight mass (or should be, if she had not forgotten this also), the Mother Superior decided to keep her scolding until later. She made a mental note of the twenty francs to be returned to the till in the absence of the oil, vinegar, and garlic, and bustled off to attend to the thousand and one things that required her frugal supervision, especially on such an excitable occasion as Christmas.

Below, in the chapel, Sister Emilie was unusually busy. There was much to be done, the chapel to be swept and garnished, the candles counted out, the sacristy prepared. Besides, there were constant interruptions, for several offices had to be said between dinner and the midnight mass, and the sisters trooped in and out at intervals. As usual, they took no notice of her, and as each office finished, she went quietly back to her occupation in the shadows. They were so used to seeing her dark figure moving slowly about the chapel that not even the novices bothered to steal a glance at her.



Behind the caravan Sister Emilie found a dark-eyed and enormous woman bending over a basket. She was so stout that she rested one hand rigidly on her knee to enable her to bend her girth at all.



If they had, and at a moment when Sister Emilie was not expecting them, they might perhaps have seen something to surprise them, for she was not remarkable as a lover of needlework, and, in any case, if one has sewing to do, one does not normally do it in the chapel. Nevertheless, if they had looked closely, they might have seen a needle stuck in the front of her habit, or even a wisp of scarlet thread among the floor sweepings. And every time their going out left the chapel quiet and empty, there was a faint, unmistakable snipping of scissors in the sacristy.

It was on this night of Christmas Eve, some time between the last office and the midnight Mass, that the miracle occurred—the great marvel that has made the Convent of Our Lady of the Five Sorrows known and celebrated in places so far afield that they had never before even heard of Mélaubon, bringing riches and importance and structural alterations in its train, and a constant stream of curious or devout visitors. (It has, of course, made a great deal of work for the Mother Superior and Sister Thérèse as well, but they do not grudge it. All the success and consequence of the convent date from that remarkable Christmas.)

The candles had been lit, the bell rung, and the sisters were trooping down the refectory stairs and across the dark courtyard to the chapel. The first one or two, their eyes downcast and their minds preoccupied, noticed nothing, but when the Mother Superior crossed the threshold

rigidly clasped, her eyes open, and on her lips (from which Sister Thérèse gently wiped a thread of foam with her own handkerchief) a smile of peace, contentment, and exaltation.

Four of the lay-sisters carried her away, and the night was passed in wonder and thanksgiving. The Mother Superior, humbled and amazed as the sisters had never before seen her, went piously up to the dormitory after the first office on Christmas morning and tried, both by word and gesture, to explain to Sister Emilie what had happened. But whether or not she understood it was impossible to tell. She lay still and smiling on her pillows, her eyes wide open, making no sign. Finally, when she had made sure that she was comfortable and did not suffer, the Mother Superior left her.

That, of course, is nearly two years ago now, and for a woman of her age Sister Emilie has made a remarkable recovery. She is not altogether paralysed, can move her head from side to side and eat when she is fed, and smiles at the others from time to time, as if to signify that she understands their kindness and is happy. True, she is very weak and helpless, and the end cannot be far off, and one cannot help supposing that her mind wanders. But presumably it has pleasant dreams to wander in, for she sleeps a good deal. Though she is undoubtedly a burden, the



When the Mother Superior crossed the threshold she stopped as suddenly as if she had seen a vision. . . . For from that niche where habitually she mourned in black above the wavering candles, Our Lady of the Five Sorrows looked down in scarlet and gold, and her aspect was not one of sorrow, but of rejoicing.

she stopped as suddenly as if she had seen a vision. Indeed, she had, and the vision was a beautiful and gay one, making her catch her breath with the sheer loveliness of it, before she reverently sank to her knees and clasped her hands. For from that niche where habitually she mourned in black above the wavering candles, Our Lady of the Five Sorrows looked down in scarlet and gold, and her aspect was not one of sorrow, but of rejoicing. Her sombre draperies, that had hung undisturbed about her for longer than even the oldest of them could remember, had changed into a heavenly fabric of scarlet threaded with gold, a garment which even a queen might gladly wear on the most joyful night of the whole year.

Astonished and afraid, the sisters knelt in silence, their faces turned upward in the candlelight, their lips moving. It was some minutes before Sister Thérèse perceived that something else had happened—that a dark heap lay on the stone floor between her and the miracle—a heap that had toppled forward in a kneeling position and which proved, when she could summon courage to steal closer, to be the unconscious form of Sister Emilie.

The old nun, it seemed, the childish and foolish and forgetful one, had been the only one of them all to witness the miracle. Or, at least, she had been the first to perceive it, for she had been kneeling there before the rest of them and the glory and joy of what she had seen had been too much for her. There she lay, her hands, in their woollen mittens, still

Mother Superior finds it a comfort to reflect that she has at least a kindly home to end her days in.

For kind, I do not need to repeat, they certainly are, and never refer to her helplessness in front of her, since there is reason to believe that she has not altogether lost her hearing. Naturally, they keep her as much as possible out of sight, but that is no hardship, since she was always fond of the kitchen-garden, and smiles when the lay-sister wheels her briskly under the plum-tree beside the herb beds, and nods as though she really smelled and enjoyed them. When the sun moves round, they sometimes kindly remember to move her chair for her, and when the cold weather comes, they look out her woollen mittens and put them on her. They feed her with a spoon at meal-times in the small refectory, and keep her clean, too, as far as is reasonable. But one has to remember that since the miracle the convent is a busy place, much enlarged and improved, and there is a great deal of extra work to do, so that one cannot spare endless time for the care of an old woman.

In any case, as the Mother Superior says, it cannot last much longer. They have done their best for her, and she must certainly be grateful. She has been getting feebler for two years now, but it is not charitable to express even the slightest impatience. Though, of course—and here Sister Thérèse is in the habit of nodding a tight-lipped, preoccupied agreement—they, as well as Sister Emilie, will undoubtedly be the happier when God in His mercy sees fit to relieve them of the burden.—[THE END.]



## Every Picture tells a Story



"THE FIGHT INTERRUPTED."—By William Mulready (1786-1863)

Here and on succeeding pages we give examples of the "picture that tells a story" which was so popular in Victorian days. This particular painting, which is a result of Mulready's early study of the Dutch school, shows the connection between Victorian "story-pictures" and the old "genre" painting. The master has interrupted a fight among his pupils and there is much argument over who started it.—[By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum]



"TEMPTATION—A FRUIT STALL."—By George Smith (1829-1901).

This picture shows the temptation suffered by the scholars of a village school at the fruit stall outside the school door; while the old stall-keeper is evidently suspicious of picking fingers.—[By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum]



## Every Picture tells a Story



**"KEPT IN SCHOOL."**—By C. D. Webb (1867).  
The picture represents a scene from a story in which a girl is kept in on a sunny day when all the other children are enjoying themselves outdoors.



**"PHILIP IN CHURCH."**—By Frederick Walker (1840-1875).  
This is an illustration of Thackeray's last finished novel, "The Adventures of Philip." The hero of the story is seen seated, following the service intently in his prayer-book.—(By Courtesy of the Tate Gallery.)



**"BEATING FOR RECRUITS."**—By T. Webster (1800-1886).  
This is a typical illustration of one of those scenes of childhood in which T. Webster, R.A., specialised. Some little boys are trying to induce their friend to come out and play soldiers with them, but he has been instructed to mind the baby.



**"GIVING A BITE."**—By William Mulready (1786-1863).  
This painting shows how closely the Victorian "picture with a story" was related to the older "genre" painting. One country lad gives the other a bite of his apple, but the donor is nervous about the amount he is going to lose!

## Every Picture tells a Story



**"NO NEWS."**—By T. S. Good (1789-1872).  
An old gentleman in clerical attire has fallen asleep over his newspaper, in which he has vainly searched for a sensational event in the outside world to enliven the placid round of life in the country.—(By Courtesy of the Tate Gallery.)



**"THE WAEFU' HEART."**—By Thomas Duncan (1807-1845).  
This Scottish subject by a Scottish painter illustrates the lines from Lady Anne Lindsay's poem "Auld Robin Gray": "I gang like a ghost, and I carena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin."



**"CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN."**  
By William Mulready (1786-1863).  
This painting illustrates a passage from the "Vicar of Wakefield." "I . . . chose my wife, as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine, glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well." It is famous for its skilful imitation of the textures of various fabrics.



**"FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES."**  
By Thomas Faed (1826-1900).  
A young Scotsman and his wife, seated close together, obstinately refuse to admit themselves in the wrong after a quarrel. The woman twists a scarf nervously in her hands, and her man gnaws his stick, while their dog looks on in surprise.



## Every Picture tells a Story



"THE LAST DAY IN THE OLD HOME."—By R. B. Martineau (1826-1869).

This painting depicts the sale of the property of a young man who has dissipated his fortune ; and throughout it are allusions to the cause of the ruin which has come upon the family—the betting-book in the man's hand ; drinks ; the dice-box on the table, on the left ; and the race-horse in the sporting print. On the left the old retainer magnanimously declines his wages, and the family fly to the dock of accounts and the keys of the cellar.—[By Courtesy of the Tate Gallery.]



"PAST AND PRESENT."—By Augustus Egg (1816-1863).

This is the first picture of a series depicting the fruits of a wife's infidelity. Here we see the husband stricken dumb by the revelation, doubtless from the anonymous letter he holds in his hand. On the left a house of cards "collapses."—[By Courtesy of the Tate Gallery]





He vanished behind the pile of cages, to return almost at once with a puppy that was so exactly what she wanted, that she knew she must have him or explode!  
 "Oh!" cried Miss Fieldacre, "The darling! He's beautiful!"

## INTRODUCING DIBBER.

By E. D. DICKINSON.

Illustrated by EDMUND BLAMPIED.

**M**ISS SYLVIA FIELDACRE had a pound to spend! That in itself was a record. In all her eleven years and two odd days of life she had never possessed one-half of that sum before, but this time her father had forgotten both to buy her a present, and even that it was her birthday, until reminded by her mother after breakfast. Then the twin urges of a guilty conscience and the recent sale of a poster for more than he had expected prompted him to make an extra lavish gesture.

He had fished in his pocket; he had produced a pound note; and he had bestowed it upon her with a paternal "There you are, my dear. Buy whatever you like with it." . . . and this was all the more remarkable because, when a birthday is unkind enough to fall within a week of Christmas, it has been known before now that a present of greater than usual value is bestowed on the "spread-over" system and is expected to do duty for both. Sylvia had waited in anticipation of some further remark to indicate such an intention, but it didn't come. The pound was actually "birthday" pure and simple! . . . So now, here she was, with her small nose flattened against the window-pane, gazing at a whole array of adorable, tumbling, yapping puppies, and wondering—firstly, whether they were too terribly expensive, and secondly, whether she dared!

On more than one occasion both she and her brother, Robin, had put forward a tentative suggestion that they should be allowed to keep a dog, but each time their father, aided and abetted by their mother, had immediately quoted a variety of reasons why the idea was altogether out of the question. There was, unfortunately, not the least doubt that a dog was "vetoed" just about as heavily as anything could very well be, but—surely the situation ought to be changed by those magic words—"Buy whatever you like." She wanted a puppy more than anything else in the world, and—her cheeks were flushed and her little hands clenched with the effort of making up her mind—she was jolly well going to have a puppy!

"I am!" said Miss Sylvia Fieldacre aloud, and entered the shop.

"Yes, Miss?" enquired a very doggy-looking gentleman with a red nose, who bobbed out suddenly from behind a tower of cages. "And what can I do for you, Miss?"

"Please," said Sylvia, starting off at a great rate, "I want a puppy. It must be a brownish kind of a puppy, because mother wouldn't like it if he moulted white hairs over the furniture; and rather small, but not small enough to get his tummy muddy when he goes out on a wet day; and a gentleman, of course; and it's very important that he should have a really nice expression, because daddy has always said that we mustn't have a dog at all, so unless he can win his heart right from the beginning—and that's not so easy with daddy—I may have to bring him back

again, and—oh, please, there is one more thing—he mustn't cost more than a pound, because that's all I've got."

The doggy man listened to this harangue, scratching his highly coloured nose with a thoughtful finger.

"Well, Miss," he said at last, "it's all pretty easy, except one thing. I can do the colour, and the size don't present no difficulties—but when it comes to the price—I'm afraid that's a bit different."

"I was almost certain it might be," said Sylvia, disappointed, but trying to make the best of it. "You see—those lovely puppies in the window all look frightfully expensive, and—"

"There's not one of 'em," announced the man, with pride, "I could let you have for less than four pound ten, and dirt cheap at that. Pedigree dogs, they are. But don't you be in too much of a hurry now," as she began to turn away. "Maybe I've thought of something that might suit. Wait here a minute and I'll see what I can manage," and he vanished behind the pile of cages, to return almost at once with a puppy that was so exactly what she wanted, that she knew she must have him or explode!"

"Oh!" cried Miss Fieldacre, "The darling! He's beautiful!"

"I don't know," said the doggy man, "that I should call him that. He's the bad boy of the family, he is. It sometimes happens, you know, Miss, however careful you are, and then you never can tell when just one in the litter mayn't turn out wrong, like this little bit of trouble. I can't rightly call him a fox terrier, nor yet a wire-haired, nor yet an Irishman, and that being so, I'll let you have him cheap."

"Does that mean," demanded Sylvia, trembling with excitement, "that my pound will buy him?"

"Yes," said the man, "it does. And what's more, to show there's no ill-feeling one way or the other, I'll throw in a collar and a bit of a lead. . . ." And two minutes later Miss Fieldacre was walking down the street hugging a brownish scrap of a jolly little mongrel, and telling herself that nobody—not even a daddy—could possibly help falling in love with him at first sight.

"He simply must," she triumphed, "I know it." But, strangely enough, the nearer she came to her own home, the less sure she felt about it, until, when at last she was facing the front door, and her hand was outstretched towards the bell, her courage failed her completely.

"As I don't think anyone has seen me yet," she thought, "I'll slip round the back way instead, and ask Mary if daddy seems to be in a good temper." And she did, but there was no Mary in the kitchen. The puppy began to kick in her arms, demanding unmistakably to be put down.

"If I do," she whispered, "you must promise to be quiet, because your whole future may depend on it." But he was a curious and a friendly soul, and quietness was something quite alien to his nature.



"Yap!" shouted the puppy. "This is exciting! Nice new person; nice new house; I like it. Let's go exploring." And he plunged to the ground, running round and round in circles, sniffing lustily, and wagging his little stern so hard that it nearly fell off.

"Oh, be quiet! You must!" she commanded, in an agony. "There's somebody coming—" But, to her infinite relief, it was only her brother's astonished head that came poking round the door.

"Hullo!" he said, "I say, Sylvia, what on earth are you doing?"

She put her finger to her lips.

"Do shut up! You're making as much noise as he is. I don't want daddy to hear until—"

"He won't hear," her brother interrupted. "He's out, and so is mother, and Mary has gone upstairs with one of her headaches, and I expect she's asleep by this time. So we can make all the noise we like, because I've just finished my home-work, anyway. Now—tell me—what are you doing with that puppy?"

"He's mine," said Sylvia. "I bought him with my pound." And she told him the whole story. Robin whistled.

"As soon as daddy sees him," was his comment, "he'll make you take him back to the shop."

"But he can't," wailed Sylvia. "He said I could buy exactly what I wanted, and I have."

Her brother knelt down, rolled the little dog over and tickled his stomach.

"That won't make any difference," he said. "You know how daddy will get out of it. 'My dear child—I meant anything in reason. I've told you a dozen times I won't have a dog in the house—I can just hear him say it.'"

Sylvia's heart sank to her boots, but she remained defiant. "I shan't give him up without a struggle. Would you, if he were your dog?"

"No," said Robin, "I wouldn't. He's a nice little beggar. We must try to think of something, but—"

"How long will daddy and mummy be?" demanded his sister. "Where have they gone?"

"Pictures," explained Robin, "I heard daddy saying he was absolutely stuck over a drawing for some people or other, who had told him they had to have it by the day after tomorrow, or it wasn't any good to them; and mother told him if that's the way he felt, the best thing they could do was to go to the pictures and forget about it for a bit—so they went."

"Oh, dear," cried Sylvia, "unless he gets an idea while he's there he'll still be grumpy when he comes home, and if he sees Dibber then for the first time, I might as well give up. But I won't—we shall have to think of something, that's all."

"Why do you call him Dibber?" asked her brother, now scratching behind two ecstatic ears.

"Because," she explained, "his darling little sharp nose is just the same shape as the thing daddy uses for planting bulbs. I knew it was his name the instant I saw him."

"Well," said Robin, "I suppose it's as good as any other, but it doesn't help you much. What are you going to do?"

The puppy rolled away, sat up, and gazed at them soulfully, hanging his tongue out and whining a little. It was beginning to dawn on his infant intelligence that however decent people were, and however pleasant it was to be played with, there were times when what a fellow needed was a good square meal, and this was definitely one of them!

Miss Fieldacre ignored her brother's question.

"Look at him," she cried, "I'm sure he understands every word we say, and he's as worried as we are."

"If you ask me," said Robin, displaying an intuition usually considered to be the prerogative of the feminine sex, "I should say he was hungry. I think we'd better find him something to eat first, and talk about what to do with him afterwards."

"I expect," said Sylvia, "that Mary has put our suppers on the sideboard in the dining-room."

"Our suppers?" demanded her brother, in alarm. "Isn't there anything else we can give him?"

Sylvia shook her head. "If Mary has a headache she's sure to be crotchety too when she comes downstairs, and if we take anything out of the larder she'll run off at once and tell mother. Besides, Dibber's such a little dog. I don't suppose we shall miss what he eats. Come on, let's see what we've got." And she led the way to the dining-room, where two plates of sandwiches and biscuits, and two cups of milk were awaiting them.

"I should think," said Robin, hopefully, "that if we each spare him a sandwich and a biscuit it ought to be quite enough for him."

"Plenty," said his sister; but Dibber thought differently. He absorbed rather than ate their offerings. Four grabs, four swallows, and there he was, asking for more as plainly as if he had been gifted with human speech.

"Gimme!" said Dibber, sitting back on his haunches and grinning at them. "Good tack, that! Gimme lots!"

"I'm afraid," said Robin, "it will have to be the same again." So it was, and then Sylvia had an idea.

"I know what we'll do. When daddy and mummy come back from the pictures, I'll be on the stairs, and you have Dibber in the back passage. I shall be able to tell at once what sort of temper daddy is in, and if he's managed to cheer up a bit, I'll whistle 'God Save the King,' and then you'll know you can come in, and I'll show him Dibber, and we'll hope for the best. But if he's still all hot and bothered, I'll whistle something else, and then you must take Dibber into the tool-shed and leave him there. There are plenty of nice dry sacks you can use for the poor little darling's bed, so he'll be quite comfortable. But he's simply got to be quiet, too, and I'm afraid there's only one way we can make him that."

"How can we?" asked Robin suspiciously. "He's sure to kick up a row the moment I leave him."

"He can't if he's asleep," said Sylvia. "So what we must do is to let him eat all he possibly can, and then he'll feel sleepy at once."

"But what about us?" demanded Robin. "Blow it all, Sylvia, I'm beastly hungry myself."

"And I'm simply starving," agreed his sister, "but we shall just have to bear it, that's all—and I don't suppose he can eat so very much more, anyway."

But by that remark she displayed a sad ignorance of the internal capacities of puppies in general, and this one in particular.

Dibber, on his mettle, settled down to eat, and although, towards the end, his rate of progress slackened considerably, he did not stop for a moment until he was faced by two empty plates and two cups in a similar condition.

"He's finished the lot," breathed Sylvia, in awestruck tones. "Who would have believed it!"

Dibber staggered away from the scene of his orgy, with four short legs bending under the strain and a distended stomach brushing the floor as he walked.

"Anyway," said his mistress. "I'm sure he can't help feeling sleepy after that."

"I expect," said Robin glumly, "that he'll be sick in a minute."

But this time, feminine intuition scored a success. The little dog revolved twice very slowly on his own axis, and let himself go. "Tired," said Dibber. "Good-night, all," and was instantly sound asleep.

"There," said Miss Fieldacre, triumphantly. "He won't mind now even if we do have to leave him in the tool-shed all night."

"He's all right," growled Robin, eyeing the puppy's swollen outline with envy. "But I believe I shall be dead by morning. I'm feeling quite weak from hunger now."

"It's no worse for you than it is for me," said Sylvia. "But I suppose we can do what it always says in books the Indians did when they were starving," and taking in both hands the patent leather strap that girdled her about she pulled it tight to the last hole.

"Oo!" she gasped. "There you are. That's supposed to keep you from feeling too empty."

Robin regarded her critically. "You look like the picture of grannie in the drawing-room," he said. "I think I'd rather starve, thank you. Hullo! What's that?"

From the front of the house came the unmistakable sounds of a car, drawing up at the door.

"It can't be daddy and mother," cried Sylvia, "because they would be walking from the bus stop—unless someone's given them a lift. Anyway, you take Dibber out into the back passage; I'll run upstairs to the landing." And away she sped, taking up her position just in time, as a key snicked in the lock and the front door opened.

Two minutes later she was hanging her head out of the landing window, sadly whistling all that she remembered of the latest popular song.

"It's not very like it, I'm afraid," she thought, "but it's even less like 'God Save the King,' so Robin will know what I mean." And, of course, it meant the worst, for, quite obviously, Mr. Fieldacre was in the kind of mood when the presence of a forbidden puppy in the house would give him the very excuse he needed for a general explosion and a spate of laying down the law to everybody.



"Gimme!" said Dibber, sitting back on his haunches and grinning at them. "Good tack, that! Gimme lots!"



It appeared, firstly, that he was still as badly "stuck" as ever and, secondly, that it had begun to rain with such violence on their leaving the cinema that the buses were all overcrowded, and as Mrs. Fieldacre was wearing a hat which a downpour would certainly ruin, they had been forced to come home in a taxi.

"And," thought Sylvia, "if there's one thing that daddy hates worse than dogs, it's wasting his money. So if he finds out about Dibber to-night, it's 'good-bye'!"

She heard the studio door shut with a bang, and called down the stairs to her mother. "I'm going to bed now, mummy. Shall I say good-night to daddy?"

"No, darling," said Mrs. Fieldacre, in a resigned sort of voice. "Daddy's very worried just now about a drawing he hasn't finished. I don't think I should bother him."

"Are you coming up presently?" asked Sylvia.

"Yes, darling," said her mother. "When you're in bed."

"I do hope," thought Sylvia, "that daddy has an inspiration between now and to-morrow, because I simply *must* keep Dibber." And she retired slowly to her room, where presently a discreet knock on the door announced the return of Robin from the tool-shed.

"I say," said Robin, "can I come in? Dibber's asleep all right. He's snoring like anything."

"Thank goodness for that," said Sylvia, and told him the sad story of their father's return.

"So, you see," she ended, "there's nothing to do but wait. But I wish I could have something to eat."

"Well, you can't," said Robin. "Mary's back in the kitchen getting dinner ready, and her head's still aching, so it's no good expecting to get anything out of her. But I thought if you tightened your belt you didn't feel hungry any more?"

"It didn't work," Sylvia had to confess. "The part that's squeezed in just hurts like anything, and I was every bit as hungry above and below, so I've let it out again. I suppose it must be the wrong kind of belt."

"It's no good believing everything you read," said Robin. "I know in one book I've got it talks about shipwrecked sailors eating their boots, but I'm sure I couldn't even manage my tennis shoes."

"I shouldn't try if I were you," Sylvia told him. "After all, breakfast time will come sooner or later, but I know I shan't sleep a wink all night." Which was very far from the truth, because she slept quite well, until, in the early hours of the morning, she was roused by sounds, which, in the first moments between sleeping and waking, she took to be the waits!

"They're singing even worse than usual," she thought, and then an extra piercing high note, shattered the illusion and forced home the horrid truth. Unmistakably the noises were canine signals of distress and they came from the tool-shed!

Dibber had slept off his supper, and had awakened to the fact that he was a lonely pup, locked in a strange place, and apparently deserted for ever.

"Ow—ow—oo!" mourned Dibber, in a piercing alto, and Miss Fieldacre was out of bed in a flash, grabbing for her slippers and dressing gown. She crept on tip-toe to her brother's room, and shook him into wakefulness, holding one hand firmly over his mouth to make sure he didn't shout out.

"Here—hi!" came from Robin, in muffled tones. "Oh—it's you, Sylvia. What on earth are you doing?"

"Listen" she whispered. "That's Dibber! And he's got to be stopped at once, because if he wakes daddy now it will be a hundred times worse than if we'd told him last night."

"Why don't you stop him yourself, then," growled Robin. "He's your dog, isn't he?"

"Of course he is," Sylvia nearly wept. "But you know perfectly well I can't go down that passage to the kitchen when it's dark, and I'm all by myself."

"I thought," said Robin, "that girls were as brave as boys. At least—you're always telling me so."

"So they are," his sister asserted stoutly but illogically. "That is, except when ivy will tap on the window just as you're going by, and you're perfectly sure it's—it's something horrid, even when you know it isn't. Oh, Robin—do please be an angel and go, because daddy is bound to wake up in a minute. I—I'll give you my new hockey stick if you do. Honest I will."

"Shut up," said Robin gruffly. "I don't want your old hockey stick, and—oh, all right—I'll go, I suppose."

"Thanks most awfully," she breathed. "You must put on your socks and sweater besides your dressing-gown, because it's beastly cold," and hurrying him into some clothes, she accompanied him to the top of the stairs, and waited there until a distant smothered rattle told her that he had safely negotiated the chain on the kitchen door.

From her parents' room, as she passed it, came a creaking sound from the bed, and a sleepy masculine grunt.

"Oh, dear," she thought. "That's daddy! He's waking up. He's bound to hear now—" But at that moment, the far-off puppy wails died away and there was nothing to hear.

"Good old Robin," whispered Sylvia, appreciating him more than she had ever done in her life before. "He's done it." And shivering from head to foot, partly from the cold and partly from excitement, she stole back to her room and into bed. For a long while she lay awake, listening. Once or twice she thought she heard a few little whines and the beginning of a howl, but each time they died away before she could be quite sure, and presently she began to feel sleepy again.

"I'll stay awake until Robin comes back," she told herself. "I must." And the next thing she knew, Mary was stoking the kitchen boiler and it was morning, and she was so desperately hungry that she knew if she didn't eat soon she'd die!

"I'd better go and see Robin," she thought, "and thank him again for being such a dear, and ask him how he got on." And the moment she was dressed she went running down the passage to his room. But there was no reply to her knocks. "I expect he must be tired out," she told herself, and, very softly, she opened the door. Then—"Oh, my," said Miss Fieldacre. "He's not here! Whatever can the matter be?" And feeling emptier than ever, she ran back along the passage, down the stairs, and out into the garden.

From the tool-shed as she approached it came the sound of heavy breathing, and when she opened the door, there was her brother, most uncomfortably cramped in attitude, asleep, with his head on the box of the lawn-mower, and there was Dibber, wrapped up in sacking so that only one eye and his sharp little nose were visible, smiling in his dreams and very comfortable indeed, thank you!

"Oh, dear," cried Sylvia again, and as she spoke the one eye opened, and a slight disturbance under the sacking a short distance away proclaimed a sleepily wagging tail.

"Not ready to get up yet," said Dibber in everything but words. "Had a bad night, what with one thing and another, but everything's O.K. now." And he promptly shut his eye again.

Robin began to stir, and sat up slowly, blinking like an owl and looking completely bewildered. "Ouch!" he groaned. "I'm stiff, and I'm beastly cold and hungry. I was dreaming I'd been captured by Red Indians, and they were sticking knives into me to make me tell them something. It was a rotten dream, and all the places still hurt like billy-o. Only—" He looked round him, gaping. "Why—what on earth am I doing here?"

"Don't you remember?" said his sister. "You went down to keep Dibber quiet; but—why ever didn't you come back again?"

He knuckled his eyes and groaned again.

"Oh, lor! I remember now—how could I come back when he started kicking up a fuss every time I tried? I thought the only thing I could do was to wait until he went to sleep, so I sort of half lay down, and I suppose I must have dozed off—"

"Well," said Sylvia, "I'm terribly grateful, because it would have ruined everything if daddy had been disturbed last night. Now, if he's in a decent temper, I may—" But Robin interrupted her.

He rose creakingly to his feet, and glared at her.



There was her brother, most uncomfortably cramped in attitude, asleep, with his head on the box of the lawn-mower, and there was Dibber . . . very comfortable indeed, thank you!



"There's no 'if'," he said, "and there's no 'may.' You're jolly well telling daddy all about it as soon as ever he's down, whether he's in a bad temper or not!"

"Oh, but—" protested Sylvia. "It would be simply asking for trouble to say anything before breakfast, because—" But he broke in once more:—"If you don't, I will. I swear it! I'm frozen stiff, and I'm starving to death, and I've spent most of the night lying on a Dutch hoe, and now I suppose you'll expect me to give Dibber my breakfast as well—and I won't! So that's that!" And he limped off without another word.

Miss Fieldacre, looking after him, gulped once, but nodded miserable agreement. "I'm afraid he's right," she said. "I wish he wasn't—but he is." And gathering the roly-poly pup in her arms, she sadly followed her brother into the house.

She was met by an astonished Mary. "First," announced the maid, "Master Robin comes in with his teeth chattering fit to break, and as like as not his death of cold on him, and now it's you, carrying a dawg! Nice goings on, I must say, and what your father will do, I daren't hardly think!"

"I daren't hardly, either," sighed Sylvia. "Have you taken his shaving water up yet?"

"That I have," said Mary. "A long while since. He was very particular last night that he should be called early. Had a lot of work to do, he said, so he may be down any minute now."

"I—only a puppy," stammered Sylvia, and effected a formal introduction. "I—I've called him Dibber, because of his nose. He's a darling! I bought him yesterday."

The moment had arrived. Mr. Fieldacre lowered his paper.

"What's all this?" he demanded, and stopped suddenly. He stared at the dog, and the corrugations on his lofty brow were slowly ironed out. His expression of jaundiced martyrdom changed into one of holy joy!

"Gosh!" ejaculated Mr. Fieldacre. "Prayers answered! Manna from Heaven—and all that sort of thing. Give me the animal!" And stretching out a long arm, he plucked Dibber from the arms of his daughter like a cork out of a bottle, dangling him by the scruff of his neck, and regarding him from several angles.

"Marvellous!" he announced at last. "Perfect!" And rose to his feet. "This young man and I have a lot of work in front of us—that is, if I am permitted to borrow him?"

"B-but," gasped his daughter, "I—"

"Hire him, then," amended Mr. Fieldacre rapidly. "Half-a-crown an hour! How's that for a model fee? Suit you?"

"Oh, yes, rather," said Sylvia. "But—"

"That's settled, then," snapped the artist. "Come on, you Dibber. On parade!"

"You haven't had any breakfast yet," his wife reminded him.

"Damn breakfast!" roared the temperamental Mr. Fieldacre. "Send me in a cup of coffee and a bit of toast presently." And he was gone.



Stretching out a long arm, he plucked Dibber from the arms of his daughter like a cork out of a bottle, dangling him by the scruff of his neck, and regarding him from several angles. "Marvellous!" he announced at last. "Perfect! . . . This young man and I have a lot of work in front of us . . ."

"I think," said Sylvia, "that if you don't mind, I'll stay in here until they actually do come down—keep still, Dibber." For the small dog, scenting a most appetising aroma of food, was showing signs of returning animation.

"Is that what you bought yesterday evening," demanded Mary, "when you went out to spend your birthday money?"

"Yes," said Sylvia. "And Robin and I—but mostly Robin, of course—have had the most awful time keeping him quiet, so that daddy shouldn't know until this morning." And she went on to relate the history of that eventful night.

"Well," said Mary, when the story came to an end. "You have tried hard and no mistake, and—mind you—I'm not saying it ain't a nice little dawg for such as likes 'em, but the trouble is, your dad ain't one of them, and—Lord save us, there's the bell, and the eggs not on—"

"I shall have to go in now," said Sylvia, "and daddy is perfectly sure to make me take Dibber back to the shop immediately after breakfast, and I know it will break my heart."

"You put a bold face on it," advised Mary from the stove, "and perhaps it won't be so bad as you think."

"Anyway, it can't be worse," Sylvia comforted herself, and departed with dragging steps.

She pushed open the door of the breakfast-room, saw that her parents were already at table, and edged in bit by bit.

"Good-morning, mummy," she said.

"Good-morning, darling," said Mrs. Fieldacre. "Why! Whatever have you got there?"

"Oo," breathed Sylvia, "that was a surprise, wasn't it? Do you think it really and truly means that daddy will let me keep Dibber after all?"

"Well, darling," explained her long-suffering mother, "it was because he was trying to draw a funny-looking dog out of his head, and couldn't make it come right, that daddy was upset last night. Now he seems to think that your puppy is just what he wanted, so I expect you may be lucky. But, all the same, it was rather naughty of you to buy it without asking first."

"I don't feel naughty, mummy," said Sylvia. "Not one little bit. I suppose it's because I'm so tremendously happy there isn't room for anything else. But—I say—would daddy, honestly, have been just as pleased if I'd shown him Dibber last night, instead of this morning?"

"Even more so, I should think," said Mrs. Fieldacre, and added with feeling, "So should I."

Sylvia sighed. "It would have been nice," she mused, "to have kept that half-crown, now I've spent my birthday money, but I'm afraid I must give it to Robin—all of it."

Her mother was surprised. "That's very generous of you," she said. "But why?"

"Because," Sylvia told her, with a sudden little giggle, "when he hears about that last bit—I mean, that he needn't have given up his supper or slept in the tool-shed, or anything, I—I'm afraid he'll be rather upset himself, and here he is now, so—mummy—if daddy truly doesn't want his eggs, would you please tell Robin he can have both of them as well as his own, the moment he comes in, because I expect that might help a lot."

THE END.



# LA FONTAINE IN FAR COUNTRIES:

QUAINT INTERPRETATIONS OF THE IMMORTAL FABLES IN AFRICA AND THE EAST.

*Christmas is a time when we turn naturally to the story books which enshrine the legends and fables that continue to delight both young and old. Of the world's story-tellers none is more famous than La Fontaine. On these pages we reproduce illustrations of his fables executed by artists in distant lands. They were painted for the Baron Feuillet de Conches, a nineteenth-century French official, who was a great admirer of La Fontaine.*

**T**HE Baron Feuillet de Conches served for fifty years in the Ministère des Affaires Étrangères at Paris—from 1825 to 1875. Under the Second Empire, and at the beginning of the Third Republic, he held the posts of "Introduit des Ambassadeurs" and "Chef du Protocole." He was at once a distinguished and erudite writer and a discriminating collector. Nowadays his work is lapsing into oblivion; and yet it is a pity that such things as "Contes d'un Vieil Enfant," "Causeries d'un Curieux," "Lettres inédites de Michel de Montaigne et quelques autres personnages," or "Histoire



LA FONTAINE'S FABLE OF "THE RAT AND THE ELEPHANT" INTERPRETED BY AN INDIAN ARTIST: A GORGEOUS MINIATURE SHOWING THE VAIN RAT BEING DEVoured BY THE CAT.

The fable of "The Rat and the Elephant" is a satire on the vanity of unimportant people. A rat, seeing an elephant bearing an Eastern Princess and her equipage on its back, does his best to minimise the grandeur of the huge beast, and remarks complacently that rats hold themselves of no less importance than elephants. At that moment the Sultana's cat jumps out of its cage and demonstrates to him in an undeniable way that "a rat is not an elephant."

It was no easy task to have La Fontaine illustrated by artists so far removed from our way of life and literature. None of them, we may be sure, had any knowledge of the fables. But Feuillet de Conches was far better placed than most editors for carrying out such a scheme. In point of fact, the high position he occupied at the Foreign Office made it possible for him to command friendly services in the remotest corners of the earth. In this way he asked his friend, General Ventura, Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Maharaja of Lahore, Ranjit Singh, to have several fables of La Fontaine illustrated in India. The General engaged two of the foremost painters of Patna and Cashmir, having previously had a résumé of the hundred best-known fables made, in Persian, by M. de Biberstein, a leading orientalist of the day. We illustrate here some of these Hindu interpretations. The most characteristic, and the one preferred by the Baron himself, was that of



A PERSIAN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE FABLE OF "THE LION, THE WOLF, AND THE FOX": THE WOLF SKINNED ALIVE BY THE MALICIOUS MACHINATIONS OF THE FOX; THE LION BEING REPRESENTED AS A MANED TIGER BY THE ARTIST. This fable is a warning to courtiers not to go too far in maligning each other. The Lion grown old seeks a remedy for his weakness. The Wolf takes advantage of the Fox's absence to turn the royal mind against him. But when the Fox is summoned to Court he suggests a freshly cut wolf's skin as a cure for the royal debility, and sees that the cure is tried.

de l'école Anglaise de peinture jusques et y comprise sir Thomas Lawrence et ses émules," all of which are extremely well-informed and abound in charming passages, are no longer read.

This distinguished old gentleman, who continued writing up to his death at the age of eighty-nine, made La Fontaine the object of a sort of cult. To do honour to that famous author Feuillet de Conches had the idea of producing an unique copy of the fables, adorned with illustrations from every country in the world—"a sort of Museum [he wrote] of all the painters and draughtsmen, bringing together within the same compass all the tastes and all the styles of a period; a monument raised by my admiration to the rarest writer (with Bossuet and Molière) of the age of Louis XIV." The lordly edition of La Fontaine planned by Feuillet de Conches never saw the light; happily, however, his collection is still with us, in the hands of his grandson.

Without question, the most curious illustrations, and the ones wherein fantasy, unexpected originality, colour, and interpretation were at their most enchanting, were those executed by artists from the Orient.



THE FABLE OF "THE FOX WITH HIS TAIL CUT OFF" INTERPRETED BY AN INDIAN ARTIST: THE TAIL-LESS ANIMAL TRYING TO PERSUADE HIS FELLOWS TO IMITATE HIM. The fox who had lost his tail in a trap, it will be recalled, was unsuccessful in his attempt to get his misfortune turned into a fashion among other foxes.



"The Miller, his Son and the Ass." This fable illustrates the futility of trying to please everyone. A miller and his son set out to sell their ass at a fair. In order to get him to market in the best condition they bind his feet and carry him between them, slung on a pole. The first

people they meet burst out laughing. "The biggest ass of the three," they cry, "is not the one you might think." At these words the miller realises how stupid he has been. He unties the ass and makes his son ride on the beast's back. Three worthy merchants meet them, and at once call out: "Hey, young man! Making an old man like that lackey for you. He ought to ride and you ought to walk!" Down gets the lad, and the old man climbs on the donkey's back. Just then three girls pass by. One of them says to her companions: "What a shame! The young man stumbling along and that old wretch sitting up there like a bishop, taking it easy on the donkey's back, and thinking what a wise man he is." After several comments of this sort the miller begins to think he is in the wrong, and makes his son get up behind him. But they have not gone thirty steps when another group of passers-by are heard to comment: "Look at those idiots. The poor donkey is at the end of its strength. It'll die under their blows. Just fancy! Loading up a wretched moke like that! You'd think they'd have pity on their faithful old servant, but I dare say they are only going to market to sell his hide."

"Heavens!" says the miller, "it's difficult to satisfy everyone. However, we can but try." So then both get down, and the donkey is allowed to walk on alone ahead of them, which he does, as proud as a prelate. An idler next meets them and remarks, "What's happened? Is it the fashion now for donkeys to take

their ease and millers to put themselves out for them? Is it the donkey's job or the master's to tire himself out? My advice is to put up a shrine for the beast and have done with it. . . . As the song says, here's a fine trio of donkeys!" The miller retorts, "I admit I'm an ass. But henceforward, whether they blame or praise me, I shall do as I please."

In the Hindu illustration the scene is laid in the street, which is depicted as though seen from a terrace. The artist has represented all the incidents of the fable in the same picture, not forgetting the groups of jeering passers-by—a proof of his determination to interpret La Fontaine's text faithfully.

In another of these illustrations a curious point crops up. Lions are practically extinct in India, though tigers, of course, abound. The Indian artist when he has to depict a lion can only draw a tiger—and give it a mane.

The Persian illustrations are of the same school as the Indian, and exhibit the same brilliance and delicacy, as witness that of "The Cat Transformed Into a Woman"—perhaps the most delightful of all the miniatures. This curious fable is designed to illustrate the strength of engrained habits.



AN INDIAN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE FABLE OF "THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THE ASS": A CASE IN WHICH ALL THE INCIDENTS OF THE STORY ARE REPRESENTED IN THE SAME PICTURE. All the attempts by the miller and his son to conform to the opinions of the passers-by are shown in succession. First they carry the ass, then one, and then the other mounts it. Finally they are both reduced to walking. On the left are the groups of jeering bystanders.



"THE SHEPHERD AND THE LION": ANOTHER INDIAN VERSION OF LA FONTAINE, IN WHICH THE ARTIST REPRESENTS THE LION AS A MANED TIGER, LIONS BEING RARE IN ASIA.

In this cynical fable the shepherd, finding that some of his flock have been stolen, sets a snare and swears to sacrifice a calf to Jupiter if he catches the thief, suspected to be a wolf. But, seeing a lion enter the snare, he kneels down to promise Jupiter a bull if he will remove the thief.



"THE CAT TRANSFORMED INTO A WOMAN": A DELIGHTFUL PERSIAN VERSION OF THIS QUAIN FABLE.

This fable relates how a man succeeds, by magic and prayer, in changing his favourite cat into a woman. But for all that, he cannot change her nature, and, though he marries her, she is never cured of mousing!





AN ABYSSINIAN VERSION OF "THE CAT TRANSFORMED INTO A WOMAN":  
A GROTESQUELY BARBARIC INTERPRETATION OF LA FONTAINE.

In this picture the artist, conceiving the story along Abyssinian lines, has shown husband and wife sharing the same nightdress (as was the custom in that country). This complicates matters considerably when she tries to jump up to pursue a mouse.

("Tant le naturel a de force! Il se moque de tout: certain âge accompli... l'étoffe a pris son pli.") It tells the story of how a man, by dint of prayers and magic, changed his favourite cat into a woman. But though he married this charming person himself, he never could cure her of mousing!

The Chinese paintings are of two kinds; those from Northern China differing totally from those from the South. To obtain the Northern Chinese illustrations Feuillet de Conches had recourse to the French Ambassador; and for the Southern ones he enlisted the assistance of the Consul-General at Canton. Looking at the Southern Chinese illustration of "The Partridge and the Cockerels," it is easy to imagine the partridge discovering the consolations of philosophy in such an atmosphere. The poor partridge, runs the fable, finds herself shut up in a cage with "certains coqs, incivils, peu galans." She hoped for hospitality from them, on account of her sex, but they proved to be "peuple fort souvent en furie." At first the partridge is distressed, but afterwards, observing their savage combats, she adopts a philosophical attitude, and reflects that the animals cannot help their natures; it is Man, who shut her up with the cockerels, who is alone to blame.

Feuillet de Conches requested a Dutch official in the East Indies, who had many contacts with Japan, to help him with his scheme. The Dutchman was able to obtain a series of exquisite Japanese illustrations, notably one of that most famous fable, "The Tortoise and the Hare."

As regards the Abyssinian drawings, Feuillet de Conches wrote: "The strangest drawings that ever came to me from far countries are those executed in what was formerly Ethiopia, and obtained by the efforts



"THE ANIMALS AFFLICTED WITH THE PLAGUE": ANOTHER GROTESQUE ABYSSINIAN  
VERSION OF A LA FONTAINE FABLE.

This painting exemplifies the Abyssinian artistic convention whereby noble animals are represented full face, as are men; and ignoble animals in profile. Thus the wolf, the ass, the mouse, the rat, and the dog all appear in profile.

of M. Antoine d'Abbadie, the learned traveller. Their barbarism is grotesque. The inhabitants of Abyssinia, of course, are complete strangers to art; but

they observe in their ill-formed productions certain rigid conventions. For them animals are either noble or ignoble. The noble ones, such as the lion, or the horse, they represent in full face, as they do men. The ignoble animals, such as the wolf, the ass, the fox, the dog, the rat, and the mouse, always appear in profile." The subject of the "Animaux malades de la peste" (a fable satirising official justice) has afforded an opportunity for this crude system to be completely displayed.

In this primitive country husband and wife sleep with one nightdress between them, each taking a sleeve. Faced with the task of illustrating "The Cat Transformed Into a Woman," the Abyssinian artist has represented the husband as involved when the woman wakes up and tries to catch a mouse that has appeared — making La Fontaine grotesque.



"THE PARTRIDGE AND THE COCKERELS": A SOUTHERN CHINESE ILLUSTRATION OF A LA FONTAINE FABLE.  
In this illustration the artist has allotted the main story only a small area on the left, where the partridge is seen looking out of the cage which she has to share with the unmannerly fowls.





**"THE MADONNA AND CHILD,"**  
ATTRIBUTED TO B. VAN ORLEY.

Tradition attributed this charming painting to the school of Memlinc; but it would appear to be of the school of Brussels; and it is now given, in preference, to Bernard Van Orley (?1493-?1542), the most prominent member of the family of artists of that name. Shown at the Burlington Fine Arts Club Winter Exhibition, and Reproduced by Courtesy of Major T. L. C. Curtis.





"A DREAM OF CHRISTMAS EVE":

THE POOR WOMAN, WHO CANNOT BUY GOOD THINGS FOR THE SEASON, FANCIES THAT ANGELS COME TO FILL HER BASKET.

REPRODUCED FROM "CHRISTMAS EVE," BY A. L. RICHTER (1803-84); BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.





MR. ALLWORTHY INSTRUCTS A SERVANT, DEBORAH WILKINS, CONCERNING THE INFANT HE HAS DISCOVERED IN HIS BED.



DEBORAH PROCEEDS HAUGHTILY THROUGH THE VILLAGE IN SEARCH OF THE FOUNDLING'S ERRING MOTHER.



SOPHIA'S UNRULY HORSE "THREW HIS LOVELY BURTHEN FROM HIS BACK, AND JONES CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS."



TOM SEEKS TO END HIS AMOUR WITH MOLLY, UNAWARE OF THE PHILOSOPHER SQUARE HIDDEN BEHIND A CURTAIN.

### A GREAT 18TH-CENTURY NOVEL PICTURED BY AN 18TH-CENTURY ARTIST.

Henry Fielding's famous novel, "The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling," was published in 1749. It must have been read at many a Christmas fireside in the 18th century and since. The artist whose charming illustrations to the story we reproduce on these two pages, John Massey Wright, was born at Pentonville in 1773, and attained the ripe age of 92. He began to exhibit at the Royal Academy in 1808, but from about 1820 devoted himself mainly to water-colours and book-illustration. The first drawing above introduces Tom as an infant, whom Mr. Allworthy, a Somerset landowner, finds in his own bed on retiring late at night, just after his return from a long visit to London. An amusing scene ensues with an elderly woman-servant, Deborah Wilkins, summoned to take charge of the child. The next morning she Jenny, but provided for her, and sent her away, while himself adopting the boy. The lower left drawing shows Tom, now grown up into a handsome youth, saving the beautiful Sophia Western, daughter of a neighbouring squire, as she falls from a restive horse, and breaking his arm in the process. In the fourth drawing we find Tom (now still older) entangled with a gamekeeper's daughter, Molly Seagrim, and trying to make terms with her to break off the affair. Eventually the curtain at the end of her bed falls down, disclosing Mr. Square, one of Tom's tutors. This revelation affords Tom much hilarity, and releases him from Molly's claims.

FROM THE ORIGINAL WATER-COLOURS BY JOHN MASSEY WRIGHT (1773-1866).





TOM, DISTURBED IN LOVE-MAKING BY THWACKUM AND BLIFIL, FIGHTS THEM, WHILE SQUIRE WESTERN COMES TO HIS AID.



TOM ARRIVING TO RESCUE MRS. WATERS FROM ENSIGN NORTHERTON; THE OLD MAN OF THE HILL LOOKING ON.



SOPHIA, WITH HER MAID HONOUR, RIDING FROM UPTON, IS PURSUED BY CERTAIN STRANGERS ON HORSEBACK.



TOM AND SOPHIA UNITED AT LAST, WITH THE APPROVAL OF HER FATHER WATCHING IN HIGH GLEE AT THE DOOR.

### SCENES FROM "TOM JONES," AN OLD-TIME FAVOURITE AT CHRISTMAS FIRESIDES.

The drawings on this and the opposite page, illustrating scenes from "Tom Jones," are arranged in chronological order as the incidents depicted occur in the story. The first one above shows Tom engaged in a fisticuffs encounter with the parson Thwackum (his tutor who had birched him unmercifully in earlier years) and young Blifil (son of Mr. Allworthy's sister Bridget), Tom's jealous and underhand rival. Thwackum and Blifil had followed Tom on seeing him disappear into a thicket with Molly Seagrim, and he had resented their interference. Squire Western, visible in the background with his sister and his daughter Sophia, seeing two men set on one, joined in the fray to equalise matters. In the next drawing, Tom, who through Blifil's machinations had been cast out by his benefactor, Mr. Allworthy, and had joined some soldiers to fight against the Jacobite invaders, is seen discovering an officer, who had injured him, about to murder a woman. Tom rescued her and took her to an inn at Upton. Beyond is an old hermit, the Man of the Hill, at whose house Tom had stayed a night after saving him from footpads. The lower left drawing shows Sophia Western and her maid, who had also been at Upton, riding away from the town, and nervous at being followed by strangers. Sophia had left home to avoid being hurriedly married to Blifil, as her irascible father then desired. Subsequent events, however, caused Squire Western to change his mind in favour of Tom, and in the last drawing we see the jovial old sportsman's delight when Tom and Sophia finally fall into each other's arms. Western cried out: "To her boy, to her, go to her!"

FROM THE ORIGINAL WATER-COLOURS BY JOHN MASSEY WRIGHT (1773-1866).





# ADVENTURERS BOTH: DRAKE AND FROBISHER DISCUSS A FUTURE ENTERPRISE.

Frobisher sailed with Drake on his expedition to the West Indies in 1585, acting as Vice-Admiral. As Frobisher had already commanded several expeditions himself in the attempt to discover the North-West Passage, we may well imagine that he and Drake had many deep discussions as to the possibilities of future explorations. The artist, in a description of the picture, mentions a medal struck to commemorate Drake's voyage, which suggests that Frobisher had informed Drake of his discovery of a supposed North-West Passage to Cathay.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. D. MCCORMICK, R.I.





THE OLD GIVES PLACE TO THE NEW: THE CARLISLE-LONDON STAGE-COACH.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY ALKEN.

Alken's painting preserves the sorrow of the sporting and highway-loving fraternity of his day at the supersession of the picturesque stage-coach, with its fine horse associations, by the unspeakable railway. The telegraph-poles in the distance give additional interest to the picture, for they date it roughly, since the electric telegraph began to be widely introduced on the railways in the 'forties. The fact that Alken has shown no fewer than three trains passing one another in this out-of-the-way spot may have been due to a desire to record the new-fangled thing from a number of points of view; on the other hand, it may be a subtle dig at the railway fever which reached its height in this country in the 'forties. 1846 was the Railway Mania and panic year, when 272 Railway Acts were passed! Companies pulledulated. Those of us who

*Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs.*



COACH OF THE 'FORTIES IN COUNTRY CONQUERED BY THE RAILWAY.  
THE FAMOUS SPORTING ARTIST.

remember the days before Railway Amalgamation will know what L. and Y.R. or L.T. and S.R., or even S.M. and A.R., stand for; but what of the C.K. and P.R. (the Cocker-mouth, Keswick and Penrith Railway), or the G. and K.R. (Garstang and Knotend, wherever they may be), or the M.S.L. and A.R., linking Manchester, South Junction and Altrincham? Like the W. and P.R.R. (the Watlington and Princes Risborough line), and the rural-sounding Somerset and Dorset Joint Railway, or that Company with a name like the refrain of a song—Severn and Wye and Severn Bridge Railway—they have all, long since, lost their separate identities, and have, in time, gained something of the romance that attached to the stage-coach in Alken's day, when compared with the motor-car and aircraft, which are, in turn, challenging the railway.

*Leggatt Bros., 30, St. James's Street.*





THE immortal race known in the old Gaelic myths as the Tuatha de Danaan came to earth bringing four treasures — the Stone of Destiny; the Fiery Spear of the Sun God; the Sword, or "Glaive of Light," also of the Sun God; and the Cauldron of Abundance, sometimes called the Cup of Healing and Friendship. In later mythology these became symbols of a more mystical nature. The Stone acquired a dual symbolism; sometimes being regarded as a Crystal of Vision and Wisdom. The Spear and Sword were signs of Light and Strength, as opposed to Darkness and Evil; and, in still later legend, the sword appears again as Arthur's "Excalibur." The Cauldron becomes "The Cup of Healing and the Fulfilment of Heart's Desire," and its originally somewhat homely virtue of providing inexhaustible food and drink becomes a symbol that ends up as the Grail of Arthurian legend. These treasures came from the immortal cities at the four corners of the world, one of which, Falias, is depicted on the opposite page. After the immortals who had brought them had given place to the mortals who eventually possessed the World, they dwelt in the hills, and became known as the Sidhe (Shee), the fairy-folk. Both these paintings by Daphne Allen were exhibited at the little Burlington Gallery in May of this year.

LEGENDS FROM THE LAND OF FAERY: "THE FOUR MYSTIC TREASURES OF THE SHEE"; INCLUDING THE "STONE," FABLED TO BE THE ORIGINAL OF THE CORONATION STONE OF DESTINY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY DAPHNE ALLEN.



ACCORDING to the old Gaelic mythology, there were four immortal cities, one at each of the corners of the world—Falias of the North, a crystal city of ice-green spires; Finias of the South, golden and flame-lit; Gorias of the East, a city of gold and gems; and Murias of the West, the city beyond the sunset. The immortals dwelling in these cities were the Tuatha de Danaan, meaning people of the Goddess Dana, the Earth Mother. They brought to earth the four treasures that figure in the painting reproduced on the opposite page, including the Stone of Destiny, said to be the same as that now in the Coronation Chair at Westminster Abbey. The Stone came from Falias of the North. The Tuatha de Danaan (otherwise known as the Shee), who were akin to the Gods, dwelt in Ireland and Scotland for many years till the coming of the first Gaels, the Milesians. These, in turn, ruled the land and won the mystic Stone of Destiny. The first of the mortal kings of Ireland and later Scotland were crowned upon the Stone—and from them it came direct to our present kings. It will be observed that this legend differs entirely from the legend of the Stone of Scone as generally current in this country. In this Christianised form, the Stone is identified with that on which Jacob rested his head at Bethel.



LEGENDS FROM THE LAND OF FAERY: IMMORTAL "FALIAS OF THE NORTH," A CRYSTAL CITY OF ICE-GREEN SPIRES, ONE OF THE FOUR MYSTIC CITIES OF THE GAEL.

FROM THE PAINTING BY DAPHNE ALLEN.





### GIRLHOOD—BY AN OLD MASTER.

LUCAS CRANACH THE YOUNGER'S PORTRAIT OF A LOVELY YOUNG PRINCESS: A DRAWING OF ELISABETH OF SAXONY.

Princess Elisabeth of Saxony, whose portrait by Lucas von Cranach the Younger (1515-1586) we give here, was a daughter of the Elector Augustus I. of Saxony, one of the fifteen children of Augustus and the Electress Anna, among whom was the Elector Christian I. of Saxony. The princess was born in 1552, the year before her father became Elector. She married Johann Kasimir, Count Palatine of the Rhine (1542-1592), who went to fight for the French Huguenots in 1567-8, 1575, and in 1587, and was also the leader of the Union of Protestant Princes. It appears that his last years were made unhappy by his sorrow over the actual, or supposed, infidelity of Elisabeth. The drawing reproduced above is in the Kupferstichkabinett at the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin; and is reproduced by courtesy of that Museum.





GIRLHOOD—BY AN OLD MASTER.

HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER'S PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WIDOW:  
CHRISTINA OF DENMARK, DUCHESS OF MILAN. (DETAIL.)

Holbein the Younger's portrait of Christina of Denmark was painted in 1538, some three years after her first husband, Francesco Maria Sforza, Duke of Milan, had died. She was married in 1534, when only sixteen years of age, and was only twenty when the portrait of which we give a detail was painted. She is seen wearing a widow's black cap and a black silk pelisse lined with brown fur. In 1540 Christina was married to François, Duke of Lorraine. The gallant Brantôme wrote a characteristic eulogy of her. He describes her as "one of the loveliest and most accomplished princesses that I ever saw. She had most agreeable features, was of big stature, elegant in conversation, and, above all, in dress. . . . She comported herself well on horseback." The painting seen here is a detail from the portrait in the National Gallery, by whose courtesy it is reproduced.





PLAYING CARDS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY:

A group depicted by Lucas van Leyden (1494-1533).

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Owner, the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.

## BEFORE THE DAYS OF "CONTRACT":

CARD-PLAYERS—  
BY OLD MASTERS.

PLAYING-CARDS! What a host of romantic figures they conjure up! Mrs. Battle, whose opinions on whist were so charmingly recorded by Charles Lamb; the sinister Casanova, who did not hesitate to "help" Fortune when she showed signs of turning against him; Charles II, gaming; and the Grand Monarque, sitting down to lose a fortune at the tables; Queen Elizabeth, who, it seems, was a bad loser (like Napoleon); even John Wesley at College was fond of the "devils pops" (pictures). The games



PLAYING CARDS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY:

A painting by Nicolas Maes (1632-1693).

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery.

change, but the cards remain: instead of primero, maw, ombre, or écarté, the recreations of our ancestors, we now sit down to bridge, or poker, or a boisterous game of "rummy." The games being played in the illustrations on this page afford amusing opportunities for speculation. The upper one has a strange likeness to vingt-et-un ("pontoon" in the British Army). The lady on the left has just "bought" one and is arguing with the banker about paying; while the player on the right seems to hold something very like a "natural" in his hand. How old is "vingt-et-un"? Another game the picture suggests is poker, with a well-filled "kitty." In the lower picture some two-handed game, possibly an ancestral form of piquette or cribbage, would seem to be in progress.





"The night-watchman . . . had spotted that the water was running away and mentioned it to somebody; a search was made, and Smith was pulled out of the water with a rope . . . Smith was positive . . . that he had been the victim of a particularly cunning murderous attack."

## THE MOTIVE.

By RONALD KNOX,

Author of "Double Cross-Purposes," "Still Dead," etc.

Illustrated by W. R. S. STOTT.

**A** CERTAIN amount of dust is good for a juryman's eyes. It prevents him going to sleep."

Sir Leonard Huntercombe is probably responsible for more scoundrels being at large than any other man in England. His references to the feelings of his client, to the long ordeal which a criminal prosecution involves, to the fallibility of witnesses, to those British liberties which we all enjoy only on the condition that everybody must be given the benefit of the doubt unless he is found with his hand in the till, are a subject of legitimate tedium and irreverent amusement to the reporters, who have heard it all before. But it still goes down with the jury, fresh to their job; and, after all, that is more important. It does not often happen to such a man that he is drawn into the old, old argument, whether a defending counsel is justified in pressing his defence when he privately knows his client to be guilty. And, of all places, you might have expected him to be free from such annoyances in the Senior Common Room of Simon Magus—the smoking-room, to be more accurate. Dons hate a scene, and prefer to talk trivialities after dinner. It is hardly even good form, nowadays, to talk a man's own shop to him. In these days of specialisation we are all bored with each other's technicalities, and a tacit convention has grown up that we should stick to the weather and the Boat Race. Sir Leonard was justified, then, if his eye resembled that of a codfish rather more than usual.

But, as bad luck would have it, Penkridge was dining as somebody else's guest—Penkridge, the dramatic critic, to whom all the world is a stage, and everything, consequently, a fit subject for dramatic criticism. It takes less than the Simon Magus port (though that is a powerful affair) to make such a man as Penkridge boorishly argumentative. He had trailed his coat deliberately, with a forthcoming article in view, and had contrived to put Sir Leonard on his own defence almost before he knew it. I need hardly say that he was adopting the most Puritan view of his subject. "You wouldn't let me quote you as saying that?" he asked with a smirk; and Sir Leonard was forced to claim the privileges of a private discussion. What are common rooms for, if we are not to speak our minds in them?

McBride, the philosopher, was the host of the great man; and he felt bound to interfere, partly from a sense of hospitality, and partly because he always likes to be desperately just. (Nobody, it has been said, has seen more points of view than McBride, or adopted less.) "I was just thinking," he said, "that perhaps you could put up an apology for Sir Leonard's point of view if you claim that Law should be regarded as one of the sciences. You see, it's notorious, isn't it—I think even Cowan here will agree with me—that science owes some of its greatest developments to the influence of theories which have proved quite false, but were suggestive nevertheless, and put people on the track of the truth. Isn't it arguable, I mean, in the same way, that my friend here is justified in putting forward a hypothesis, which will help forward the cause of truth if only by eliminating error?"

Penkridge, who hates dons, was evidently preparing to say something unpleasant; but Sir Leonard forestalled him by disowning the proffered help. "It's not a scientific mind you need in the legal profession," he insisted; "it's a kind of artistic gift. You've got to be imaginative; to throw yourself into the business of picturing the story happening as you want it to have happened; with your client innocent, of course. Probably, if we knew, we should find that the truth in many cases is even stranger than all our imaginings. But imagination is what you must have—did I ever tell you the story of a client of mine, McBride, a man by the name of Westmacott?"

Several voices demanded that the story should be told; better to have Sir Leonard being prosy, than Penkridge being unmannerly in his cups. And Sir Leonard, looking from time to time at the glowing end of his cigar, as if to derive inspiration from it, went ahead with the story, his fine voice, the envy of a hundred rivals, distracting the attention of the company from hunting noises now audible in the Quad., and the distant echoes of the Salvation Army.

"I first came across Westmacott," explained Sir Leonard, "over a business that never came into court, though it precious nearly did. I was only called in on a minor point to give counsel's opinion. He was



a man in late middle age, with an unhealthy look about him, as if you wouldn't give him a very long life, and a depressed, restless sort of manner, as if his mind was preoccupied with something else than what he was talking about at the moment. He had done well on the Stock Exchange, and had retired just lately, with a considerable income he hardly knew what to do with. At least, it was a surprise to his friends when he went to stay over Christmas at one of those filthy great luxury hotels in Cornwall. It was the kind of place that tried to make you believe you were on the Riviera, with any amount of central heating and artificial sunlight, and a covered-in bathing-pool where the water was kept at a temperature of eighty or so, night and day. Of course, he might have gone to Cornwall for his health; but one didn't see why he should have gone to a place like that, because he was well known to be old-fashioned in his views and conservative in his opinions, whereas the Hotel Resplendent was all full of modern people, a cosmopolitan and rather Bohemian crowd. Among the rest there was a well-known literary man; he's still alive, and you'd all know his name, so I'll call him just Smith.

"I'm speaking of some years ago, you'll understand. Nowadays, of course, it doesn't matter what anybody writes, or what sort of opinions he puts forward; it's all art. But at the time of which I'm speaking, there were still people going about who were capable of being shocked, and they were shocked by Smith. It wasn't so much his indecency, though every book he wrote looked as if it was meant to be seized by the police. He was really, if an old foggy like myself can be allowed to use such forgotten language, a bad influence on the young people; everybody admitted it, though already most people rather admired him for it. Westmacott had never met him before, and the other people in the hotel felt pretty certain that the two wouldn't hit it off. The curious thing is, they were wrong. Westmacott hadn't read any of Smith's stuff, it appeared; indeed, he read very little except detective stories, which he devoured at the rate of one a day. And—well, strange acquaintances do ripen, and ripen fast, in a god-forsaken place like the Hotel Resplendent.

"It was a bad season; money wasn't being thrown about that year as much as usual; and the management tried to make the best of the position by encouraging the guests to be a sort of family party, with any amount of 'olde-worlde' festivities. Naturally they concentrated on Christmas Day; crackers and Christmas presents, and a synthetic boar's head, and a Yule-log specially imported from Sweden; and a set of waits who'd been in training under an opera expert for months past. By half-past ten the company—between twenty and thirty of them, when you'd counted out the invalids who'd gone to bed early and the idiots who'd gone out in cars for no reason whatever—found themselves set down by the master of the revels to play 'blind-man's buff.' This didn't go too well; especially as the great hall, in which they played it, was heated like a crematorium. It was Westmacott, people remembered

afterwards, who made the suggestion you would have expected to come from anybody but Westmacott—that they should all go and play 'blind-man's buff' in the swimming-bath.

"Well, they got some kick out of it after that. Westmacott didn't go in himself, but he hung about on the edge; as a matter of fact, it was only pretty strong swimmers who did go in, because the bath was a matter of twelve feet deep at the shallowest part, and there was nothing but a hand-rail to lug yourself out by. Smith and Westmacott got into an argument; Westmacott saying he didn't believe you could know what direction you were swimming in when you were blindfolded, and Smith (who was an exceptionally good swimmer himself) maintaining that it was perfectly easy, unless you'd got a bad sense of direction anyhow. It was nearly midnight when the party went away, and it seems that Smith and Westmacott stayed behind to settle their differences with a practical try-out and a bet. Smith was to swim ten lengths in the bath each way, touching the ends every time, but never touching the sides. They were quite alone when Westmacott adjusted the handkerchief on his new friend's forehead, to make sure that everything was above-board.

"Well, Smith did his ten lengths each way, and by his own account made a good thing of it. As he swam, he didn't bother to touch the hand-rail, which was rather high out of the water; but when he'd finished he naturally felt for it, and it wasn't there. He tore the handkerchief off his eyes, which wasn't too easy, and found the whole place was in the dark. The rail wasn't within his reach anywhere, and he tumbled to what must have happened. Somehow, a goodish lot of water must have been let out of the bath while he wasn't looking; and there was nothing to do but go on swimming about until somebody came to put things right for him; or, alternatively, until the level of the water fell so much that he was able to stand on the bottom.

"Other things began to occur to him before long. For one thing, he knew, more or less, where it was that the water escaped when the bath was changed, and he knew that there was a considerable undertow when it happened. He found there was no undertow now, which meant that the water wasn't escaping any longer, and there was no chance of finding that he'd got into his depth. Also, he remembered that the swimming-bath was a long way from anywhere, and it wasn't very likely that he would be heard if he shouted. Also, he couldn't quite see how the water could have started emptying itself and then stopped, unless somebody was controlling it; or why anybody should be controlling it in that odd way for any legitimate purpose. And he found himself beginning to suspect that his new friend Westmacott had, for some unaccountable reason, left him deliberately there to drown.

"Well, they say the devil looks after his own; and it so happened that the night-watchman, whom they kept at the Hotel Resplendent (chiefly to keep out of the way when he wasn't wanted), had spotted



"The attendant went in, and found the carriage quite empty. The bed had been slept in . . . Robinson's luggage was still there; his watch was hanging by the bunk; a novel he had been reading lay on the floor close by . . . but Robinson was nowhere to be found."



that the water was running away and mentioned it to somebody; a search was made, and Smith was pulled out of the water with a rope, none too soon for his peace of mind. Smith was positive, of course, that he had been the victim of a particularly cunning murderous attack. I say particularly cunning, because, once he had drowned, it would have been easy for Westmacott (he assumed Westmacott was the villain) to have let the water into the bath again; and all the world would have been left supposing that Smith had committed suicide—how else could a strong swimmer have drowned, with a hand-rail in his reach all the time? It looked as if it was going to be a very nasty business; and what didn't make it any better was Westmacott's own explanation, made privately to his lawyers, that the whole thing was a joke, and he had been meaning to rescue Smith later on. Nothing, it was explained to him, is more difficult to predict than a jury's sense of humour. Enormous efforts were made to hush the thing up, chiefly by the hotel people, who thought it meant the end of their business if they were involved in a scandal; I'm not sure they were right there, but, as I say, this happened some years ago. The difficulty of Smith's case was that there was no proving it was Westmacott who had tampered with the water apparatus (as a matter of fact, anybody could have done it), and it was that hitch that induced the police to let it go; and Smith to be content with a handsome compensation. His publishers were furious; they had got wind of it somehow, and were hoping to sell a mammoth edition of his next book on the strength of his news-value.

"Well, it was touch and go; and there was nothing I expected less than to find Westmacott, to all appearances a dull and unadventurous man, figuring in my line of business again. Though, as a matter of fact, the police had found out things about him which would have altered my opinion if I'd known about them. His man, fortunately for the police, had done time at an earlier stage in his career, and was all too ready to give them information. He assured them that a great change had come over his master within the last week or so before he went to the Resplendent; he had come home one morning looking like a man bowed down by some hideous secret anxiety, though up to then he had been in normally good spirits. He cursed the servants freely, he would start at shadows. He bought a revolver, which the police found in his rooms (he was a bachelor, I forgot to say); and although this only looked like self-defence, it was a more peculiar circumstance that, about the same time, he got hold of a drug (I forget the name of it now) which is deadly poison, and I'm not sure that he hadn't forged a doctor's certificate to get it. It was a marvel, I told him later, that the Law didn't prosecute; what saved him, I fancy, was that the police had been made to look fools in one or two recent trials. . . . Yes, you're right; I had a hand in it.

"It was less than a week after the trouble had died down that a new character came on the scene: a character nobody liked, who had seen him. He was a seedy-looking fellow calling himself Robinson, who seemed very anxious to have an interview with Westmacott, for he made a great fuss with the servants when he called three times and found he was always out. It was the opinion of the servants that Robinson went about in disguise, for no good end; but servants will always say that of anybody who wears dark spectacles. When the two did first meet, the servants weren't prepared to say, because Westmacott lived on one floor, and often let in his visitors himself. Anyhow, for a fortnight or so he was a familiar in the house, being seen several times coming in and out. The servants got to know his address, too, in a rather poky part of West Kensington: Westmacott wrote to him more than once. That came in useful later on.

"Westmacott had the habit of going to stay with friends near Aberdeen about the New Year. This time, he went a little later than usual; and it was a considerable surprise to his man when he was given the order to reserve two first-class sleepers on the night train from King's Cross, one in the name of Westmacott and another in the name of Robinson. It didn't look too good; you couldn't by any stretch of the imagination suppose that Robinson belonged to the same world as Westmacott and his friends. In fact, if he hadn't been professionally shy of them, I think the man would have gone to the police about it;

it looked so much as if Robinson had got a hold of some kind over Westmacott, and was following him about for fear of losing his tracks. Anyhow, nothing was done about it. Westmacott was a man who fussed about trains; and he was at the station, it seems, a full three-quarters of an hour before the train started; he was worried, apparently, about Robinson—asked the attendant once or twice whether he had shown up yet, and stood looking up and down the platform. As he did this, a telegram was brought him which seemed to set his mind at rest; he shut himself up in his sleeper and took no further notice, as far as could be ascertained. Robinson turned up with only two or three minutes to spare, and was bundled hurriedly into the sleeper next door. Whether the two held any conversation was not known; the two sleepers communicated with one another in the ordinary way, and it was only a matter of slipping a bolt for either to enter the other's compartment.

"Robinson, it appeared, was not travelling all the way to Aberdeen; he was to get off at Dundee. The man was to come and call him about three-quarters of an hour before the train got in there. As a matter of fact, he cannot have slept too well; or possibly the lights and the shouting at Edinburgh woke him; at any rate, he went along the corridor just about when they were passing Dalmeny, and spoke to the attendant, who asked whether the order to call him still stood. He said yes, he expected to drop off again for a bit, and he was a heavy sleeper. Indeed, when the attendant knocked at his door, there seemed to be no waking him, and it was locked. With many apologies, the man knocked up Westmacott, and asked his leave to try the communicating door between the two compartments. This, it proved, was locked on Westmacott's side, but not on Robinson's. The attendant went in, and found the carriage quite empty. The bed had been slept in; that is, somebody had lain down on it; there was no mistaking the fact.

Robinson's luggage was still there; his watch was hanging by the bunk; a novel he had been reading lay on the floor close by; his boots were there, and his day-clothes, not his pyjamas. But Robinson was nowhere to be found.

"Well, there was all sorts of fuss and bother, as you can imagine. Westmacott, who seemed quite dazed by the news and unable to give any account of it, naturally got out at Dundee and put himself at the disposal

of the police authorities. They did not like the look of the thing from the start. They had rung up Scotland

Yard, and through some unwonted piece of efficiency had got on to the story of Smith and his experiences in the bath at the Resplendent. Exhaustive enquiries brought no news of Robinson being seen anywhere on the line; and there had been no stop,

no slow-down, even, between the time when the attendant saw him in the corridor and the time when his bed was found empty. The train, naturally, had been searched, but without result."

"But they must have found his body," someone suggested.

"No remains were found; but you have to consider the lie of the journey. Between Dalmeny and Thornton Junction, near which the attendant tried to wake Robinson, the train has to pass over the Forth Bridge. The one interval of time, therefore, during which it was impossible to account for Robinson's movements was an interval of time during which a body might, conceivably, have been got rid of without leaving any trace. To disappear, it would have to be weighted, no doubt. But the awkward fact emerged that Westmacott brought a very heavy bag with him into the train (the porter gave evidence of this), and it was completely empty when examined. This was one of the things that made the prosecution feel really hopeful about their case. There seemed no other way of accounting for the odd circumstance.

"As I say, I thought Westmacott had been lucky to get off so lightly in the Resplendent affair. I didn't at all like the look of his case when I was asked to plead for him. When I went to see him, I found him all broken-up and in tears. He told me a long story, in which he confessed to the murder of Robinson. Robinson—it was the old story—had been blackmailing him; he had evidence that it was Westmacott who attempted the murder of Smith in Cornwall. I gathered that there were other secrets behind it all, which Westmacott was not anxious to go into; but it was the fear of exposure over the Smith case that made him reluctant to bring in the police against the blackmailer. Robinson had



"... laid him out with a piece of lead; tied that and other weights on to him . . . and threw him out of the window just as the train was crossing the Forth Bridge."



insisted on following him when he went North, afraid that he was trying to escape to the Continent by way of Leith or Aberdeen. The knowledge that he was being shadowed like this was too much for him, and he determined to get rid of his persecutor. Arranging for him to travel in the next carriage, he waited till the train was past Dalmeny; then found his man asleep, and laid him out with a piece of lead; tied that and other weights on to him as he lay there, and threw him out of the window just as the train was crossing the Forth Bridge. His error had been, that he neglected to unlock the door from Robinson's compartment into the corridor. If that had been left open, it would have been hard to prove that Robinson had ever gone back there—though it was difficult, in any case, to account for his movements.

"Ordinarily, when a man charged with murder tells you he is guilty, you can form a pretty good guess between the two obvious alternatives—either he is telling the truth, or he ought to be in an asylum. Occasionally there is a third possibility, for which the present circumstances did not seem to leave any room: he may be inculcating himself to save somebody else. I tell you, I didn't know what to make of it. The whole story seemed wrong; Westmacott was not a strong man, and what would he have done if his man had not been asleep? The chances are enormously against any man sleeping soundly on a train. Why, too, was Westmacott so keen to throw the body overboard at a place where it would remain undiscovered, when the circumstances were bound, in any case, to raise the suspicion of murder against him? If the prosecution depended on such an improbable story as that, I felt I could make mince-meat of it.

"Now, what was I to do? I felt certain the man was not mad; and I have seen many lunatics in my time. I did not, could not, believe he was really guilty. I put it to you, whether, with those convictions in my mind, I was not really offering to serve the cause of truth when I urged him (as of course I did) to plead 'Not guilty.' Or, at least, as McBride would say, I was proposing to eliminate the chances of error.

"He would have none of it—then. It was only a day or two later that I had an impassioned appeal to go and see him again. I found his mind entirely altered. He still stuck to his story that Robinson had been blackmailing him, but he professed to know nothing whatever about the disappearance: he thought Robinson must have either committed suicide or else staged a very clever disappearance, with the sole intention of bringing him, Westmacott, to the dock. He implored me to save him from the gallows. This was too much for me; I couldn't undertake to plead for a man who didn't know from one day to the next whether he was guilty or not guilty, and gave such very lame explanations of his movements and his motives in either case. At last, when I had been at him some time, he told me a third story, which was quite different, and, as I believe, true. I shan't tell you what it was just yet. As I say, I thought, and think, it was true. - But it was obvious to me from the first that it was a story you could not possibly serve up to a jury.

"There was another odd thing, which was that now, for reasons you will understand later, I did not know whether I wanted my man hanged or not. I don't know how some of your severe moralists would have formed your consciences in a situation like that. I thanked God I could fall back on a legal tradition, and I resolved that I would defend Westmacott, devoting myself single-heartedly to pointing out the weaknesses in the story, whatever it was, the prosecution would bring against



"He went out and bought a revolver, with the necessary ammunition. He shut himself up with it, and found that his hand was that of a physical coward; it would not pull the trigger."

him. And, gentlemen, I succeeded. I don't think I have ever had a tougher fight; there was any amount of prejudice against him among the public at large, and the jury, as usual, reflected it. But there was the solid fact that no body had been found; the open possibility that Robinson had made away with himself, or slipped off somehow when the train stopped. And, of course, the difficulty of throwing a body clear of the bridge. There was a mass of circumstantial evidence, but not a line of direct proof. And the jury sometimes, though not by any means always, will give its verdict according to the form-book. Westmacott was acquitted; and the warder who went up to congratulate him found him in floods of tears. Of course, you see what had happened."

McBride, who had been sitting with his head buried in his hands, lifted it slowly. "I expect I'm being a fool," he said, "but I don't believe there was any such person as Robinson. He was just Westmacott, wasn't he?"

"That's a theory to go on, at all events," admitted Sir Leonard, accepting the whisky-and-soda with which the suggestion was accompanied. "Let's hear your reasons for thinking that, and I'll put the difficulties."

"Well, as you've told the story, nobody ever saw the two men together. When Robinson was seen going out of the house, it was supposed to be Westmacott who had let him in. At the station, there was

[Continued on page 43.]



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## THE MOTIVE.—(Continued from page 38.)

nothing to prevent Westmacott getting out of his sleeper during that last quarter of an hour, going off somewhere and putting on the Robinson disguise, picking up fresh luggage at the cloak-room, and so making his second appearance. He made sure that the attendant should see him at Dalmeny, because he wanted everybody to think that Robinson had been thrown overboard exactly at the Forth Bridge. There was no point in making the body disappear when all the circumstances would, in any case, point to murder—unless there was no body to disappear."

"Good for you, McBride; I like to hear a man put a case well. And now let me point out the difficulties. You've got to suppose that a man who has already laboured under an awkward imputation of intended murder deliberately projects an *alter ego*—a sort of Mr. Hyde—for no better purpose than to get rid of his imaginary carcass, thereby letting himself in for a second dose of suspicion. That, having done so, he first of all pretends to his counsel that he is really a murderer, and then he withdraws it all and decides to plead 'Not guilty.' Can you give a coherent account of all that?"

"The man was balmy," suggested Penkridge.

"Who isn't, up to a point? But there was certainly method in poor Westmacott's madness. Shall I tell you the story he told me?"

arduous adventure: fighting, for example, or a difficult mountain climb. Bravoes cannot be hired nowadays. There was only one way of inducing somebody else to kill him, and that was to kill somebody else. He must get himself condemned to the gallows.

"Well, as you see, he went about that in a painstaking way. He deliberately went and stayed at that appalling hotel, because he knew that he would meet there the sort of people he most disliked. He found himself in luck; Smith was there, and Smith was a man who, in his view, would be all the better for extermination. Circumstances favoured him, too, in showing him a way to achieve his end. With all that reading of detective stories, you see, he had become fantastically ingenious in his conceptions of crime. He laid a trap for his victim which would make it possible for him to effect the murder by merely turning a tap, and then turning it a second time. There would be no blood, no struggle, no circumstances of violence. The only thing he failed to observe—or was he, after all, half-hearted in his desire for the gallows?—was that his excessive ingenuity might have made it hard to secure a conviction against him.

"As it was, something worse happened. By mere accident, the crime of murder reduced itself to that of attempted murder; and penal servitude was no use to him. Rather sheepishly, he had to try and pass it off as a joke; all he had gained was the assurance that when he was



"As he left the court, rather dazed with all he had gone through, he stumbled at the edge of the pavement in a crowded street, and a lorry was on top of him before . . . he knew what was happening."

"We'll buy it!" agreed Penkridge.

"I wonder if you could have guessed it? If so, your guesswork would have had to start from the moment at which, if you remember, Westmacott suddenly came home one day a changed man, with the shadow of something over his life. You see, he had been feeling ill for some time. He had made an appointment with a specialist, and that specialist told him the worst he had been afraid of hearing. Not only were his days numbered, but he must look forward to months of increasing pain, during which, very probably, his reason would be affected. That is the whole story; the rest just flows from it.

"Westmacott hated pain, perhaps more than most of us. He was not capable of facing great endurance, whether in action or in suffering. It didn't take him long to realise that there was only one thing for him to do—to cut his life short by suicide. He went out and bought a revolver, with the necessary ammunition. He shut himself up with it, and found that his hand was that of a physical coward; it would not pull the trigger. He tried long-distance methods; bought some poison and tried to dose himself with it. Even here he had no better success. He realised, with self-loathing, that he was a man who could not take his own life.

"It is open to you to say, if you like, that something went wrong with his brain after that; but if he had the makings of a lunatic, his was the logic of lunacy. If he could not kill himself, he must make somebody else do it for him. He had not the physique to embark on some

next accused of murder people would be apt to believe it against him. He did not attempt a second murder, which might go wrong as the first one had gone wrong. He brought Mr. Robinson into existence, and then hurried him out of existence in the way you have all heard; he had got what he wanted.

"And then, of course, the coward came out in him again, and the close prospect of the gallows frightened him more than the remote prospect of a painful death later on. He broke down, and told me the story as I have been telling it to you. And I saved him; but for the life of me I did not know whether I was doing him a benefit in trying to save him. I simply had to proceed by rule of thumb, and behave as a good advocate should."

"What became of him?" asked McBride.

"Fate stepped in, if you like to call it that. As he left the court, rather dazed with all he had gone through, he stumbled at the edge of the pavement in a crowded street, and a lorry was on the top of him before, I think, he knew what was happening. No, I saw it, and I am certain he didn't throw himself off the pavement. I don't believe he could have, either."

"There's just one comment your story suggests to me," objected Penkridge, bitter to the last. "I always thought a lawyer was not allowed to repeat the story told him in confidence by his client?"

"That is why I said that the great gift in the legal profession is imaginativeness. You see, I have been making it all up as I went along."

[THE END.]



# EXTREMES MEET.

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN,

Author of "Victoria Regina," "The Unexpected Years," etc.

Illustrated by GORDON NICOLL, R.I.

[It is the afternoon of a certain day in the early 'seventies (the actual date can be verified by those whom dates interest), and in the drawing-room of the Deanery at Westminster, Lady Augusta Stanley sits waiting, a little impatiently, while the Dean (possibly for the soothing of his wife's nerves) makes a studied show of patience and quiet confidence by sitting lost in the book which he is reading, and pays no attention when Lady Augusta gets up and goes across to look at the clock.]

LADY AUGUSTA: Five-minutes-to. I do hope he's not going to be late.

DEAN STANLEY: He won't be, my dear.

LADY A.: But I begged him so particularly to be early.

THE DEAN: Then I am quite sure he will be. After all, five minutes is five minutes.

LADY A.: Yes; but the Queen is always so punctual. And with Mr. Carlyle coming all the way from Chelsea in a bus, and having to change on the way, what is one to know?

THE DEAN: Only that he still has the frugal mind of a Scotsman, my dear.

LADY A.: I wish I'd sent James to bring him.

THE DEAN: Unnecessary, as it happens; for here he comes.

[The door has opened; the BUTLER announces "Mr. Carlyle," and withdraws to make way for the expected visitor, a crumpled, care-worn figure, dressed almost ceremoniously for the occasion; since he is here to meet Royalty by special request—an honour for which, without wishing it, he has had to wait long.]

LADY A.: Oh, Mr. Carlyle, I'm so glad you have come! I was getting quite anxious.

CARLYLE: You'd no reason to be, Ma'am. 'Tis yet four minutes to the hour; and four o'clock, you said.

LADY A.: Yes; but it would never have done for the Queen to have come first; and she might have been early.

CARLYLE: Doesn't the Queen generally "come first"?

THE DEAN: Not for appointments, my dear Carlyle. Queens must not be kept waiting.

CARLYLE: Have ye a brush anywhere?

THE DEAN: A brush?

CARLYLE: Aye; out there at the back (I came in by the wrong way) there was a dustman emptying his scuttle; and he's emptied some of it over me.

LADY A.: Why, yes, he has indeed! Arthur, run and fetch a brush, quick! [THE DEAN goes.] Oh, Mr. Carlyle, how unfortunate!

CARLYLE: Eh, it's what we all come to: dust to dust, ashes to ashes. 'Twas a good reminder, and me in my Sunday-best, which most go to meet God in, so as to be seen of men. I'm in it to meet her gracious Majesty, the Queen; and first time of putting it on, 'tis this that happens! [Then, as THE DEAN returns and starts brushing his back.] Thank ye, thank ye. Aye, 'tis more than twenty years since we last met—she and I. Maybe, she'll not remember me.

LADY A. [in disappointed surprise]: You have already met the Queen, Mr. Carlyle?

CARLYLE: Aye. I took off my hat to her, and she bowed. That's all there was to it. Kings and Queens have to do such a lot of bowing it means naething to them. But I remember it well. I can even remember the hat I wore, and how I had a wonder—was it good enough to take off to a Queen? But whether or no, she bowed to it.

THE DEAN [having not-too-perfectly finished the brushing]: That's better.

CARLYLE: I thank you. But talking of hats, Lady Augusta, will ye forgive me for asking what for are you wearing your own—your bonnet, I mean—when ye're expecting so great a visitor?

LADY A.: Oh, one has to, Mr. Carlyle. Didn't you know? When the Queen does one the honour of calling, one always puts on one's bonnet, so as not to appear more at home in your own house than she. While she is in it, it becomes the Queen's.

CARLYLE: Ah! A very pretty bit of make-believe, that. Then have I got to keep my hat about me?

THE DEAN: No, Carlyle, that is not necessary. Men's head-dresses being less noticeable than women's, we are let off.

LADY A.: Oh! here she is. And there's the clock striking: always so punctual. Arthur—

[The BUTLER enters, and announces with ceremony]

BUTLER: If you please, my Lady, Her Majesty the Queen has arrived.

LADY A.: You must excuse us, Mr. Carlyle: we have to go to the door to meet her Majesty.

CARLYLE: Have I to come too?

LADY A.: No, no. You just stay here.

CARLYLE: And what have I to say when she speaks to me?

THE DEAN [genially]: Anything that comes into your head, my dear Sir.



Carlyle: "Eh, it's what we all come to: dust to dust, ashes to ashes." (Then, as the Dean starts brushing his back) "Thank ye, thank ye. Aye, 'tis more than twenty years since we last met—she and I."

[They go out. CARLYLE is left alone to ponder the situation in which he finds himself.]

CARLYLE [meditatively]: Aye, aye, so it's come to this, that here I am just for show; and one of my own books set out to keep me company. [He takes it up from the table, looks at it, and lays it down again.] What a pair, the two of us! Eh, Jenny, my poor lass, how this would have made you laugh! And you liked laughing—at me, didn't you?

[He has sat down, but rises again as the door opens. THE QUEEN enters, with THE DEAN and the WIFE as following accompaniment. With a look of kindly interest and a slight inclination of the head, she recognises the presence of the old Celebrity she has come to meet, before presentation is actually made. THE DEAN does it in correct form.]

THE DEAN: May I present to your Majesty Mr. Carlyle?

[And thus formally made known to each other, the two exchange bows—THE QUEEN with her accustomed dignity, MR. CARLYLE a little stiffly, as one not well used to ceremony.]

THE QUEEN: We are so pleased to meet you, Mr. Carlyle.

CARLYLE: Your Majesty does me great honour.

THE QUEEN: Lady Augusta was so kind as to say that she would arrange so that I might meet you here.

CARLYLE: It was from her that I heard of your Majesty's good wish.

THE QUEEN: I have long wished it, Mr. Carlyle; more especially since your great bereavement.

CARLYLE: That's kind of ye, Ma'am.

THE QUEEN: It was—pray all be seated—it was five years ago, was it not, that you lost your dear wife?

CARLYLE: Aye; lost my wife, and kept me life. Better had it been the other way.

THE QUEEN: Ah, yes: that is how I have always felt since I lost my dear husband, the Prince.

CARLYLE: There ye're wrong, Ma'am. Your people still wanted you for great service. But there's few now to be wanting me.

THE QUEEN: But your work, Mr. Carlyle.

CARLYLE: That's over and done now—such as it was.

THE QUEEN: You have finished writing—your histories?

CARLYLE: Aye; all but one.

THE QUEEN: What is that?

CARLYLE: A poor thing, but mine own, Ma'am, as they make Shakespeare say (though he never did). I'm writing it now.





The Dean: "May I present to your Majesty Mr. Carlyle?" (And thus formally made known to each other, the two exchange bows—the Queen with her accustomed dignity, Mr. Carlyle a little stiffly, as one not well used to ceremony.)

THE QUEEN: Your own life, you mean? That must be very interesting.

CARLYLE: Very frightening, Ma'am. It's a fearsome thing to look into yourself and see the man you are, and the man you might have been.

THE QUEEN: Well, we do all fall short of what we would have wished to do in some things—as I know, only too well.

CARLYLE: You've been a good queen, Ma'am.

THE QUEEN: I had a good teacher, Mr. Carlyle.

CARLYLE: Aye, aye. But there's wisdom—rare in kings—of knowing you can be taught.

THE QUEEN: Have you yet read Mr. Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort"?

CARLYLE: I have not, Ma'am.

THE QUEEN: I think everyone should read it. Then my people would understand—better—what they have lost.

CARLYLE: We all need better understanding, Ma'am, of what we've lost.

THE QUEEN: I like to hear you say that, Mr. Carlyle. I've found it so true—myself. . . . It was your dear wife you meant, was it not?

CARLYLE: I meant everything, Ma'am, that one's let go, that one might have kept had one known better—to be more merciful.

THE QUEEN [*a little surprised*]: Merciful, you say?

CARLYLE: Yes, Ma'am; it's a thing some of us don't learn till it's too late: more especially with those we love—through not thinking.

THE QUEEN: "The quality of mercy is not strained," Shakespeare says, does he not?

CARLYLE: Aye; so he says. But it's a sore strain man puts on it when he least knows what he's doing. When we are thinking only of ourselves we've small mercy for others.

THE QUEEN: You have studied human nature, Mr. Carlyle; and no doubt you understand it better than I do; for I must confess that it often puzzles me.

CARLYLE: It's the greatest puzzle that God has set for man in this world; and when we've solved it we shall have solved everything.

THE QUEEN: Yes: I suppose it is the most difficult thing of all to understand and treat rightly—especially for those who rule and hold power. It may sound unsuitable, but kings do need to be humble.

CARLYLE: Ye've said a wise thing, Ma'am, that some would find difficult to learn.

THE QUEEN: Yes: to be a good king is very difficult. The Prince, my husband, was really a king by nature. To him I owed everything.

CARLYLE: It's a great thing to know, Ma'am; and a great satisfaction the knowing of it must be.

THE QUEEN: Yes, I am thankful that I do know it—that I have always known it, so well. . . . But now about your writing, your histories, Mr. Carlyle: tell me, what is the last history that you have written?

CARLYLE: The life of Frederick the Great, Ma'am—"the Great" as they call him.

THE QUEEN: But he was great, was he not?

CARLYLE: Aye; with a lot of littleness added to it. And 'twas the littleness, maybe, that made half of his success for him. There's greater men that have died failures.

THE QUEEN: Yes: Napoleon was a great man, was he not?

CARLYLE: Aye, Napoleon: the man that didn't know where to stop. Had he known that, he might have conquered the world.

THE QUEEN [*with patriotic conviction*]: Not England.

CARLYLE: England, and Asia, and Africa, and America.

THE QUEEN: Dear me! Most extraordinary that you should think that, Mr. Carlyle. But he didn't.

CARLYLE: No, he didn't, Ma'am; but he'd got the idea of the United States of Europe—the same as they had over in America. But he made the mistake of thinking that France had got to be the head of it—like ourselves over the States. Now if he'd only had the sense to give up that notion, he'd have won; and Great Britain would have had to come in.

THE QUEEN: Then I'm glad he didn't.

CARLYLE: Well, Ma'am, there's no knowing what you might be glad of, fifty years from now.

THE QUEEN: That won't be in my reign, Mr. Carlyle.

CARLYLE: No, Ma'am; but it's well to think of your sons, and your son's sons, and what may be happening in their day to this England and Scotland of ours.

THE QUEEN: What do you think is likely to happen?

CARLYLE: He'd be a great prophet, Ma'am—or a great fool, maybe—who'd think he could say what's likely to happen. There's only one thing we can be nigh sure of: whatever it's to be, it's likely to be bad.

THE QUEEN: Why do you think that, Mr. Carlyle?

CARLYLE: It's to no good end the way the world's going these days, Ma'am.

THE QUEEN: Well, of course there are a great many things being done that one can't approve of—changes not only foolish but wrong. Still, the country is prosperous.

CARLYLE: Aye; prosperous—like to those Gadarene swine, Ma'am, which thought themselves prosperous, maybe, while they were all running down the hill; but the water was waiting for 'em at the bottom.

THE QUEEN: But do you think England is going down hill, Mr. Carlyle?

THE DEAN [*tactfully intervening*]: If Mr. Carlyle says yes to that, Ma'am, your Majesty must remember that he has always taken the Prophet Jeremiah as his model, believing that the best way of warning people against danger is to frighten them well beforehand. He has been frightening us for forty years, and as a consequence we have managed to survive the dangers he foresaw for us.



THE QUEEN: I see. Well, Mr. Carlyle, I'm not going to let you frighten me. But even if we don't quite agree, I have found everything you say most interesting. You say things in such an interesting way that one cannot help being interested. And now, dear Lady Augusta, I'm afraid that I must go, though I should have liked to stay so much longer.

[She rises. They all rise with her.]

Good-bye, and thank you very much for asking Mr. Carlyle to come and meet me. Mr. Carlyle, meeting you has given me great pleasure.

CARLYLE: Very honoured, your Majesty.

THE QUEEN: And I hope it may not be the last time.

CARLYLE: Eh, but it will be, Ma'am, I'm thinking: my ganging-about days are over. But I thank your Majesty for the wish, and for having given me this day to remember.

THE QUEEN: I also shall remember it, I can assure you, Mr. Carlyle. Good-bye. [She gives him her hand.] No, Lady Augusta, please don't you come. You stay with Mr. Carlyle. Thank you, Dr. Stanley, if you will be so good.

[And with THE DEAN as escort, she goes out to her carriage. LADY AUGUSTA and MR. CARLYLE go to the window to watch her departure.]

LADY A.: Well, Mr. Carlyle?

CARLYLE: Aye, there she goes; a real Queen by the look of her. And a strange thing it must be to be a Queen, these days.

LADY A.: Tell me—how does she strike you?

CARLYLE: Oh, a very good, well-meaning woman. And no fool, either.

LADY A.: From you, Mr. Carlyle, that is high praise, I suppose?

CARLYLE: What else? I might say the same of you, and of a few others, maybe; but not so many as to make it common. . . . I see here ye put out one of my books for her to know me by: a kind thought for both of us.

LADY A.: We always have it there, Mr. Carlyle.

CARLYLE: Did you see her look at it when she said "histories"—helping her to make sure that I'd written any? And afraid she was lest I'd be asking whether she'd ever read one.

LADY A.: Oh, not afraid, Mr. Carlyle.

CARLYLE: Aye, for fear of having to hurt my feelings telling the truth—which it wouldn't have done. I'm no such fool. She learned to do what she's had to do, without me helping her.

[Re-enter DEAN STANLEY.]

THE DEAN: Well, Carlyle, you'll be glad to hear you've made a very good impression on her Majesty.

CARLYLE: Impression, eh?

THE DEAN: "What an interesting man!" was her first remark when we'd left the room. "I'm so glad to have met him."

CARLYLE: Ah; a straightforward statement, and true, maybe; but not so original that I've not heard it said before.

THE DEAN: And then her Majesty went on, "Now that I have met him, I must really try to read one of his books. Which of them do you think I should be most likely to understand?"

CARLYLE: And what did you say to that?

THE DEAN: I said that, with time, I was sure her Majesty would understand many of them; but that it would take more time than she could spare.

CARLYLE: A canny answer, that was. So ye've headed her off. Understand? Who is there that does in all the world? Only John Ruskin, of all of ye, understands what I'm really after—not what's in my books, but in my heart. . . . What did she say then?

THE DEAN: Well, nothing to that. What she *did* say was "I'm sure he's a very good, well-meaning man; but," she went on (she has a very quick eye, you know), "he needs someone to look after him. His coat was very dusty."

CARLYLE [pointing an accusing finger]: Now whose fault was that?

THE DEAN: Mine. I said so. I told her Majesty exactly what had happened.

CARLYLE: And what did she say?

THE DEAN: She said "Oh! Then that explains it."

CARLYLE: And couldn't have said truer. Lady Augusta, your servant. Good-bye. I thank you. If she's as wise and honest as I think her to be, she won't try.

LADY A.: Won't try what?

CARLYLE: Reading me. Mr. Dean, will you ask your man to call a cab for me? I came up by the bus, but I'll be going back in more style. After meeting high majesty, 'tis the least I can do to show my respect, and my sense of the great honour that's been done me. But the thought comes to me again—how Jenny would ha' laughed.

[He sighs, and goes out, accompanied by THE DEAN.]

LADY A.: Yes: Jenny would have laughed. How he misses her!

CURTAIN.



The Queen: "Yes: Napoleon was a great man, was he not?"

Carlyle: "Aye, Napoleon: the man that didn't know where to stop. Had he known that, he might have conquered the world."

The Queen (with patriotic conviction): "Not England."

Carlyle: "England, and Asia, and Africa, and America."

The Queen: "Dear me! Most extraordinary that you should think that, Mr. Carlyle. But he didn't."

Carlyle: "No, he didn't, Ma'am; but he'd got the idea of the United States of Europe—the same as they had over in America."



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A PRAYER TO SANTA CLAUS.

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FROM THE PAINTING BY FORD MADOX BROWN (1821-1893).

In this picture by a famous nineteenth-century artist, the poet whom Tennyson hailed as "the morning star of song" is shown reading from his own "Canterbury Tales." The catalogue of the Tate Gallery, for which it was purchased in 1906, recalls that the painting is a reduced version, begun in 1856 and continued 1864-8, of the large picture in the Municipal Gallery at Sydney. 'Chaucer [says a descriptive note] is reading from 'The Legend of Custance.' Edward III. is depicted as an old man; the Black Prince in his last illness; John of Gaunt, Chaucer's patron, is in full armour; pages holding his shield wait for him, with his horse, in the yard beneath. Edward the Black Prince, emaciated by sickness, leans on the lap of his wife Joanna, surnamed the Fair Maid of Kent. To the right of the old King is Alice Perrers. Seated beneath are various personages. A troubadour from the South of France, a cardinal priest on good terms with the ladies, a jester forgetting his part in rapt attention to the poet. Two dilettante courtiers are learnedly criticising: the one in the hood is meant for Gower." The story of Custance occurs in "The Man of Law's Tale."

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## CAPTAIN QUIBBLE.

(Continued from page xii.)

an' seas; Banda Sea an' Flores Sea, Savu Sea, Arafura Sea an' Timor Sea, an' islands without number; Savu, Sumba, Flores, the Moluccas, the Aru an' Kei Islands, Banda, Timorlaut, Trangau, Ceram, Watu Bella, Lucipara, Timor, Keambling, Walti, an' Hiven alone knows how many others! The *Helston* had been bound light from Brisbane to Macassar to part load, an' then to Batavia to complete. That's how we happened to be where we were when we sank.

"We were six mortal days an' nights in the boat before we reached Captain Quibble's island, becalmed most of the while, without so much as a breath o' wind to fill our sail an' with most of us too far gone to handle an oar. The mate was navigator. He had his sextant an' the boat's compass an' was able more or less to work out our position in his notebook, but it come just as much of a surprise to him as it was to us when we made our landfall.

"We sight the island soon after dawn, two, three miles to the nor'-west, an' take to the oars ag'in, but it isn't till near noon that we run the boat on to the beach, though we rowed our hardest.

"We lie on the sand, the whole thirteen of us, barrin' the mate, with our eyes shut tight an' our tongues swollen an' our mouths open. There's only the one thing in the world that will put new life into us, an' that's water. But can we go look for it? We cannot. We haven't the strength, all but the mate, who's made of cast iron. He's away the minute we strike the shore an' is gone a matter of mebbe a half-hour. When he comes trampin' back we see by his face that he's empty-handed. There's no water to be had.

"'Up with yez!' sez he. 'Up!

hill, fillin' baskets with rock an' bearin' them off on their shoulders, in single file at a run, not darin' to stop.

"'An' what in the world are they doin' there?' ses we. 'Gold-minin',' ses the mate, who was well-informed an' not above sharin' his information. 'You're lookin' now,' he ses, 'on the most primitive form of gold-minin' there is.' Hack Pillow, who was one of the firemen, a big, square man with a face like a gorilla's, but not so friendly, he ses: 'What do they do with it, I wonder!' 'Do with what?' ses I. 'The gold,' ses he. 'What do you think?' 'Me,' I ses, 'I don't think nothin'. They can't spend it, annyway. Let's go down the hill,' I ses, 'an' git them to give us some water before we're all layin' dead of thirst.'

"But we didn't go down the hill. We can't. Someone calls out in a thin, crackly voice: 'Stay where yez are, or you'll be killed.' Just that. No more, no less. 'Stay where yez are, or you'll be killed.' We turn, an' out of the bush near where we are comes a white man, a tallish, thin, bald-headed owld fella, with wild, starin' eyes an' a big, hooked nose an' a slit of a mouth like a hake's, an' a long grey beard an' moustache. His skin is



"Captain Quibble, white in the face an' all hunched up, sits on the top step of the verandah. Hack Pillow stands at the foot of the steps, cool as you please, grinnin' an' smilin'."

burnt the colour of owld leather. He wears a ragged owld pair of pants, torn in the sate, an' a ragged owld shirt, torn everywhere. He stoops, an' his hands hang down by his sides. "'What are yez doin' on this island?' ses he, in his thin, crackly voice.

"'We're castaways,' the mate ses. 'Our ship sank an' we had to take to the boats. We're dyin' of thirst.'

"'Lies,' ses the bald-headed man. 'It's a put-up job. Thieves an' robbers, that's what yez are, tryin' to break in an' steal. But you won't steal,' ses he, his voice risin' higher an' higher, 'I won't let yez.' He half-shuts his eyes an' he sucks in his lips an' grins to himself. 'Do you know,' he ses, 'I could have had you killed the minute you landed. Mebbe I would have done, if I'd seen you comin'.'

"'An' why?' I ses. 'What harm have we done you?'

"'No harm yet,' ses he, 'bekase you hadn't the chance. I don't permit no one to set foot on my island. Do you understan' me? Take yerselves off now at once. This island is private property.'

"'You wouldn't refuse us water an' provisions, surely!' ses the mate. 'Where's yer humanity? What are yez? A murderer!'

"The bald-headed man blinks. Almost I thought he'd burst into tears. 'If you talk that way to me,' he ses, 'I'd refuse you annything. Let me tell yez this; on this island the power of life an' death is mine. Watch!'

"He claps his hands an' out of the bush at his back there come natives, six of 'em, thin, short, fierce-lookin' men, with bits of turbans

Do ye hear me? Ye'll come to no good, layin' there in the heat o' the sun. On yer feet, the lot of yez, or I'll boot ye for disobeyin' me orders.' We do as he sez. We git to our feet, shakin' an' tremblin' bekase we was wake, an' we start off up the beach, away from the sea an' into the bush. An' there we follow a trail that leads up an' up, through the trees that resemble high, green walls on either side of us, till, at last we come out on a bare rock hill-side in the full of the sun once more. "'Where's yer water?' ses we. 'What are ye after bringin' us up here for, Mr. Hamose? Where's the sense of it?'

"Mr. Hamose, he bounds us on. 'There's water over beyond the back of the hill,' ses he. Is there? Mebbe. Mebbe not. We never know. We rache the top of the hill, pantin' for breath, an' we halt an' look over into the valley below. An' what do we see? Men workin'. Natives. Naked as the day they was born, almost, runnin' hither an' thither like ants on an ant-heap. We squat on our hunkers, struck dumb with amazement, an' we watch them diggin' into the side of the



about their heads, naked but for their sarongs, an' all of them armed with spears an' bows an' arrowses. They stand like statues, all six of 'em, aimin' straight at us, ready to fire if the thin, bald-headed man give them the word. He waves a hand an' they lower their bows.

" 'You see,' he ses. 'The power of life an' death. I could have you killed.' He folds his arms across his skinny owld chest an' he smiles, kind of sad. 'So now what?' ses he.

" 'We could rush them,' ses the third mate in a whisper.

" 'What good would that do?' the mate ses. 'Some of us would be killed, annyway.'

" 'You'd all of you be killed,' ses the bald-headed man, who has sharp ears. Then he ses, soft an' gentle an' kind: 'Put your hands up above your heads, if you plaze.'

" 'An' strange as it may seem, we done just that. We had to.

" 'An' now,' he ses, 'do you mind puttin' them down ag'in?' It was that havin' to put our hands first up an' then down that gives us the feelin' that death isn't so far away, after all. 'Goin' to fight?' he ses. No; we aren't goin' to fight. There isn't a fight in us.

" 'One of the boys falls on his face in a faint. The mate, Mr. Hamose, lifts him up. 'We've been six days an' nights in that boat,' ses he. 'For the past twelve hours we've had no water. You're not goin' to refuse us a drink now, are you?'

" 'I could but I won't,' ses the bald-headed man. 'I'm too kind-hearted. I'm the kind-heartedest man alive. I'll give yez water an' I'll give yez food an' a chance to sleep, but if—if I find only one of yez disobeyin' my rules an' regulations, then, gentlemen, against my will, I'll have to take measures. Let me remind yez once more,' he ses. 'I have the power of life an' death on this island.'

" 'But why the power of life an' death?' ses the mate.

" 'Ah, why?' ses the bald-headed man. He's grinnin' ag'in, like he's thinkin' of somethin' funny. 'An' can you tell me what power is?' he ses.

" 'Well, what?' ses the mate who's losin' his temper fast with us dyin' all round him. 'What in hell is power?'

" 'Gold,' ses the bald-headed man. 'Gold is power.' His face gits redder an' redder an' his eyes git smaller an' the veins in his forehead git larger. 'Gold is power. Land, diamonds, railways, ships, factories, shops, what are they? Nothin'. They depend on the money they earn. They depend on gold. Gold is power. An' gold is what I have. All the gold in the world. It's mine. The gold's mine an' the power's mine.'

" 'He's crazy, of course. 'There's no gold here,' ses the mate, pretendin' he don't believe him.

" 'Isn't there?' ses the bald-headed man. 'It's as well you think so, brother. An' now, because I'm a kind-hearted an' charitable fellow-

creature, I'll give yez water.' He turns an' leads the way into the bush along a track, with the brown men followin' in single file as a kind of bodyguard, an' us followin' the brown men. An' all the time, if you know what I mane, I have an idea I'm bein' watched by people I can't see an' that if I so much as hang back or turn left or right off the path, I'll have a stabbin' spear plunged through my shoulders. The others, they think the same.

" 'We walk on an' on along this track, downhill most of the way, with the bush on either side, so thick you can only see green leaves an' vines, till all of a sudden we come out on to a clearin', a wide open space, at one end of which, backin' on to the bush, is a house, a house with the floor raised from the ground an' the rooms it's divided into open to the fresh air an' the breeze, but separated from each other by hangin' mats of fibre, some rolled up an' some not, an' with the roof thatched with palm leaves.

" 'What puzzles us most is that the timbers from which the house is built are solid oak beams, planed and shaped, an' that the furniture of the rooms open to view is solid, owld-fashioned stuff you wouldn't expect to see in an island in the Indies. There are oak tables an' chairs with high backs an' a big sideboard an' chests of drawers an' hangin' lamps an' all manner of owld china an' glassware an' brass stuff. An' in the centre of the house, with rooms all round, is a pile of big, iron-bound, leather-covered chests, like sea-chests, but smaller an' stronger, one on top of the other. An' what's in them, we wonder. Ah! That's what I'm comin' to. That's the story.

" 'The six natives halt about a dozen or so yards from the front of the house. They stand in line an' they neither move nor spake. Statues they are an' we, we're statues as well. The bald-headed man climbs the three, four steps that lead to the verandah an' turns an' looks at us with a scowl on his face.

" 'This is my house,' he ses, in his thin, crackly owld voice. 'No one sets foot on this verandah or on these steps without permission from me.' He waves his hand an' the six natives bow their heads an' walk off in single file into the bush. He claps his hands an' a little owld Malay with one eye, a tiny, wizened owld fella, appears an' he bows, too, like the others, with his hands to his chest. The bald-headed man spakes to him in a kind of pidjin English we none of us make head or tail of an' the little owld one-eyed man bows ag'in an' walks away. 'Go with him to the cook-house,' ses the bald-headed man. 'He'll look after yez. His name is Jim. An' mebbe you'd like me to tell yez my name as well. I'll be plazed. It's Quibble. Captain Quibble. That'll do for the now.'

" 'An' so, havin' no mind to be disobeyin' a man with the power of life an' death, we follow the one-eyed Malay to the cook-house, which

[Continued overleaf.]

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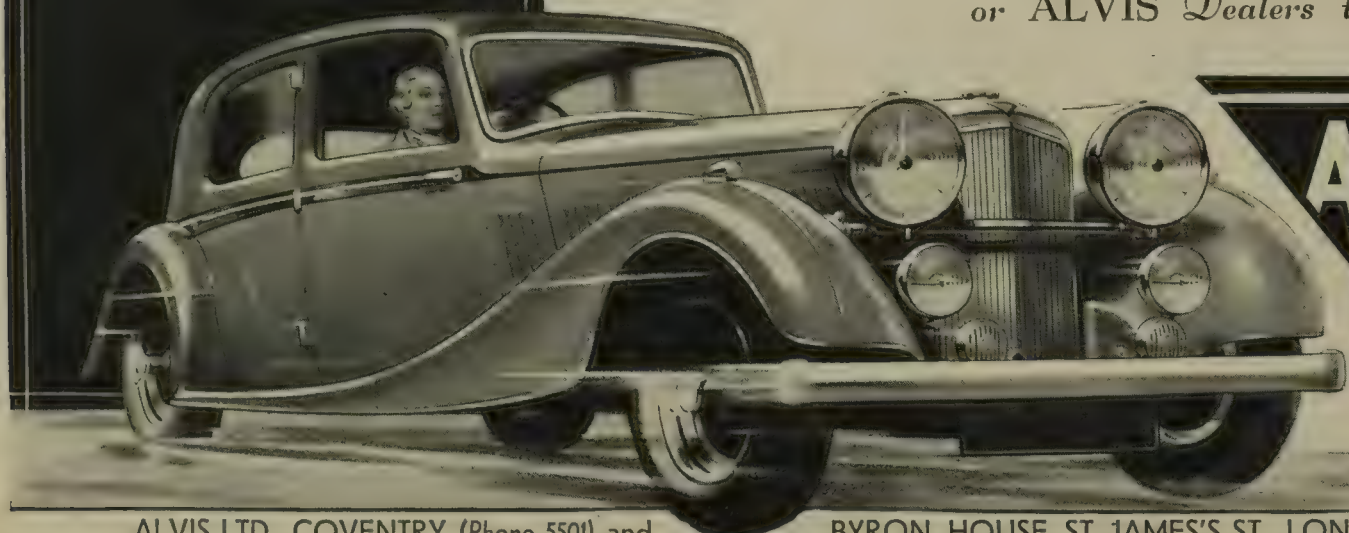
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*Continued*

was no more than an open shed thatched with grass on four poles, an' Jim makes us sit down in the shade of the trees an' brings us a couple of leather buckets of water. I never taste water that's half so good in me life. Whin we'd drunk our fill we ate some kind of sweet mush or porridge of meal an' fruit. After that we drop off to sleep, all of us.

"I wake sudden an' sit up, wonderin' what in the world is wrong. Someone is yellin': 'I could have vez killed! Do ye hear what I say? I could have yez killed, ve disreputable scoundrel!' The mate jumps to his feet an' makes for the house. The rest of us follow.

"Captain Quibble, white in the face an' all hunched up, sits on the top step of the verandah. Hack Pillow stands at the foot of the steps, cool as you plaze, grinnin' an' smilin'.

"What do you mane, darin' to come here when I'm sound asleep?" ses Captain Quibble. "Don't you know there isn't a sowl on this island would dare set foot in me house?"

"You towld us that," ses Hack Pillow, "but ye're wrong. I'd dare, for one."

"Captain Quibble looks like he can't believe what he hears is true.

"You would not," he ses.

"I would," ses Hack, who's a Liverpool Irish bucko an' as tough as they make 'em. "If I made up me mind to enter your house I would, an' ye couldn't stop me."

"I'm a heavy sleeper," ses Captain Quibble, wipin' the sweat from his face an' breathin' slow an' heavy. "I mightn't have woke."

"An' then another fireman, Hack Pillow's partner, Harman his name is, a fella I didn't trust, axes a question we all of us want to ax but haven't the nerve.

"What's in them chests?" he ses. "Gold?"

"Gold it was. He's guessed.

"Gold, yes," ses Captain Quibble. "Gold's in them chests, an' it's mine, all of it. I'm the richest man in the world."

"Would you believe it? The richest man in the world!"

"Aren't ye afraid of it bein' stole?" I ses.

"No," ses Captain Quibble. "I'm not."

"That's fine," ses the mate, an' I know from the tone of his voice that he's thinkin' things. "That's fine," he ses.

"We stand in the sun in front of the house, all the thirteen of us, an' Captain Quibble sits on the top step of the verandah, like King Solomon in all his glory, his bald head shinin', an' he ses, ses he: 'Be off with yez. While ye're on this island of mind ye'll keep away from the house.'

"An' what would happen supposin' we didn't?" ses the mate.

"You'd be killed," ses Captain Quibble, gasping for breath like a fish. "I had a servant once, not this man, but a man from the same

island, which isn't this island, an' he was too inquisitive for his health. He died.' The way he spakes an' the look in his little eyes sends a cowl'd shiver all down me spine. Captain Quibble is soft an' he's crazy but he's cruel an' he's cowl'd-blooded as well. 'He died,' he ses in his thin little voice. 'He died an' no one has ever had courage enough to try an' enter the house since.'

"Why not?" ses the mate, who had his raisons, no doubt, for axin' so many questions.

"Why not!" ses Captain Quibble, rubbin' his knees an' showin' his yaller tusks. "Can't ye guess why not? It's becase the natives think I'm one of the dead owld Dutchmen come back. That's why they didn't attempt to kill me. They knew it wasn't no use."

"What Dutchmen?" ses the mate.

"Captain Quibble laughs to himself. 'I was shipwrecked the same as you,' he ses. 'The other men in the lifeboat was all of them dead when I come ashore the far side of the island, near what's left of the Dutchmen's ship, blown off her course, mebbe, an' wrecked two hundred long years ago.'

"I'd been on the island a couple of days before I come on the house, buried deep in the jungle, an' I didn't set eyes on a livin' sowl till after I'd cut a path through to the steps here with one of the lifeboat's axes. Not a livin' sowl. Then the natives came by the hundred an' bowed down before me an' worshipped me, flat on their faces. I wasn't a ghost, mebbe, but I wasn't a man, or else I'd have died the minute I went into the house. An' after that, I hadn't a care in the world: Not a care. I'd shelter an' good food an' drink; an' presently I'd gold. An' what more can a man wish for than that?"

"I used to wonder," ses Captain Quibble, an' by now he's talkin' more to himself than to us, 'what made the Dutchmen set to an' build the house. Why didn't they get away? Their ship was a total wreck, I daresay, but if they could build a house of her timbers what was to stop them buildin' a raft? Mebbe they did build a raft, though. Mebbe some of them went for help an' never come back. Or mebbe they fought. Or mebbe the natives attacked them: Or mebbe they went down with fever an' died, some of them, annyway, an' it was then that the others who weren't dead made up their minds to build them a house an' live here till a ship come an' took them away.'

"But," he ses, 'whatever the raison was, whatever the Dutchmen did or they didn't, they built the house an' they brought the furniture ashore an' they lived here an' died. I found the skeletons of two of 'em, the last survivors, perhaps, in one of the rooms, an' some graves in the jungle, with crosses an' dates. That's their story. There was gold-dust in some of the chests an' that gave me the clue.'

"The clue to what?" ses the mate.

*[Continued overleaf.]*

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*Continued.*

"That there was gold on the island," ses Captain Quibble, wrigglin' to an' fro an' rubbin' his knees. 'An' so,' he ses, 'I thought to meself, I thought why should I lave the island? Wasn't this the place I'd been lookin' for all my life? It was an' it is. Here, on this island, I've had the reward for all the good I done in my life.' Imagine it, will ye! The good he'd done! 'I'm rich,' he ses, 'an' I'm free an' I'm happy. There's more gold on the island than annywhere else on earth. An' it's mine, every ounce of it, mine an' no one else's. I've got five hundred natives minn' it for me, workin' in shifts, just for the love of it an' not for pay; minn' the gold for me, becase I got the power of life an' death, becase they worship me, becase they're afraid of me, becase I'm a god an' not a man.'

"Why not go home?" I ses, when all he was after sayin' had time to sink in.

"What for?" ses he. "What would I have at home that I haven't got here?"

"You could spend your money," ses the donkeyman, smackin' his lips at the thought. "You could spend your money."

"I could spend my money," ses Captain Quibble. "Aye, so I could. An' not have it. I'd be crazy, wouldn't I? Why should I spend my money? Here, I don't have to spend it. I've got it, safe. I'm rich. I don't have to spend it."

"May we look at the gold?" ses the mate, as bowld as brass.

"You may not," ses Captain Quibble.

"How do we know there is anny gold?" ses Hack Pillow.

"Myself, I'm thinkin' Captain Quibble will be havin' a stroke then an' there. For a minute he isn't able to spake. An' then he puts his hand into his trouser pocket an' brings out a leather bag. 'Look here,' he ses. 'Look what I got.' He unties the string at the mouth of the bag an' pours gold-dust into the palm of his hand. 'Is this proof I'm spakin' the truth, or isn't it?' he ses. 'Them chests are full of the stuff.'

"Proof enough, I'll admit, but not the mate."

"I don't doubt you got some gold," he ses, "but that doesn't make there's gold in the chests."

"I'm not arguin'," ses Captain Quibble. "It makes no difference to me whether yez doubt my word or not. I'm spakin' the truth." An' then he gits to his feet. "That'll do. You must lave me alone. I'm not so strong as I used to be. Talkin' to men as ignorant as you tires me." It's late in the afternoon now an' the shadows are gettin' long. 'Go back to the cook-house,' ses Captain Quibble, 'an' don't be strayin'. Jim will give yez your supper. To-morrow mornin', as soon as it's dawn, you go.'

"You can't turn us away like that, Captain Quibble," ses the mate. 'We've had six days an' nights in an open boat. We're half-dead.'

"To-morrow mornin', as soon as it's dawn, you go," ses Captain Quibble. 'I've given orders for provisions an' water to be put in the boat. I'm not arguin'.'

*[Continued overleaf.]*

"He puts a blow-pipe to his lips an' blows. That's what too, with a crash. The third mate drops."

he does. The mate drops with a cry. The chest drops, The donkeyman screeches 'I'm wounded!'"

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*Continued.*

"We go to the cook-house an' sit under the trees at the edge of the clearin', an' we know that though there isn't a sowl in sight eyes are watchin' us. We're prisoners. We can't move a yard without someone followin' us an' turnin' us back.

"It's Hack Pillow what spakes the first.

"'All that there gold!' he ses.

"'All that there gold!' ses Harman.

"The mate laughs to himself. A hard case, Mr. Hamose. As hard a case as ever I meet. He has to be hard to handle a crowd as tough as us.

"'What are we goin' to do about it?' he ses. 'To-morra mornin' first thing we're lavin' the island.'

"The point is,' ses I, 'do we lave empty-handed?'

"'What do you think, bos'n?' the mate ses, lookin' at me out the corner of his eyes.

"'How much gold would you say there is?' ses the third mate, careless like. 'If them chests are no more than half of 'em full, there's gold to make each of us rich for life.'

"'Think what we could do with it!' ses the donkeyman.

"'Beer,' ses Hack Pillow.

"'Whisky,' ses Harman.

"'You got high ideals,' ses the mate, 'but that's your look-out an' nothin' to do with me. Well, I got a plan.'

"We talk in whispers, our heads together. A blind man can see we're plannin' somethin', of course. We must have that gold. Some of it. But how?

"'How much could we take?' ses the third mate.

"'Two chests,' ses the mate. 'We wouldn't dare try an' take more, not the state that we're in an' the weight that they are. Two chests is the limit.'

"'What!' ses Hack Pillow, beside himself with indignation an' grief. 'An' lave all the others?'

"'We can come back for 'em, can't we?' ses Harman.

"'Yes,' ses the mate, 'we'll buy us a schooner an' fit her out proper an' come back to the island.'

"'We'd have to be armed,' ses the donkeyman. 'Think of all them natives of his!'

"'Oh, sure,' ses the mate, 'we'd have to be armed.'

"'But it wouldn't be right to kill,' ses the fourth engineer, who's a small, kind-hearted fella. 'Whatever we do, we mustn't take human life.'

"'Ye're right,' ses the mate, soothin' him down. 'It wouldn't be right to kill, would it?'

"'Share an' share alike,' ses Hack Pillow.

"We agreed on that. The thirteen of us, officers, petty officers an' men, would share an' share alike. We swear an oath, then an' there, we won't take no advantage of no one else. We swear we'll lose sight an' hearin', we'll be struck dumb an' paralyzed, we'll lose everything in the world we howld dear, before we cheat or lie or steal or annyway try to grab more than our fair share of the gold.

"It's dark almost before we know that the sun is settin'. The little one-eyed Malay, Jim, gives us our supper. We eat an' we drink. The day's at an end. We're too tired to keep awake.

"It's still night when the mate rouses me up, an' for the moment I'm back in the lifeboat, dyin' of thirst, till I see where I am an' remember. The moon has arisen above the trees an' Captain Quibble's house is clear to the eye, part of it light an' part shadow. Our plans is all set. We know what to do without a word bein' spoken.

"We don't move out into the moonlight. We haven't no need. Barefooted, we creep slow an' cautious to the house. We creep slow an' cautious up the steps to the verandah. Then, three of us, all accordin' to orders, gag Captain Quibble as he lies fast asleep on his bed an' tie the poor owld fella so he can't stir neither hand nor foot. He gits in one kick an' no more.

"Has he spoken the truth an' is there gold in the chests? There is. We open mebbe ten of 'em, workin' fast an' quiet. How do we open 'em? You wouldn't believe it. The chests aren't even locked. An' why should they be locked? Who'd dare touch them? We open the chests an' we find the gold an' all we must do now is carry two of them out of the house an' down the track through the jungle to the beach.

"Easy, wasn't it? But was it? You wait. We're liftin' one of the chests when we hear a noise, like someone is movin' about in the dark. We wait, howldin' the chest, half-a-dozen of us, not darin' to breathe. An' then, in the moonlight shinin' through the verandah from over the trees the other side of the clearin', we see the little one-eyed Malay, Jim, watchin' us from the next room. We none of us spake. He doesn't spake, neither. What do you think he does? He puts a blow-pipe to his lips an' blows. That's what he does. The mate dhrops with a cry. The chest drops, too, with a crash. The third mate dhrops. The donkeyman screeches, 'I'm wounded!'

"An' then Captain Quibble spakes out of the dark, in his thin, crackly voice: 'Git out o' here at wance, all of yez!'

"We don't argue. We do as we're towld. All of us except the mate, who's dead. We stand at the foot of the steps. Captain Quibble stands on the verandah, full in the light of the moon.

*[Continued overleaf.]*

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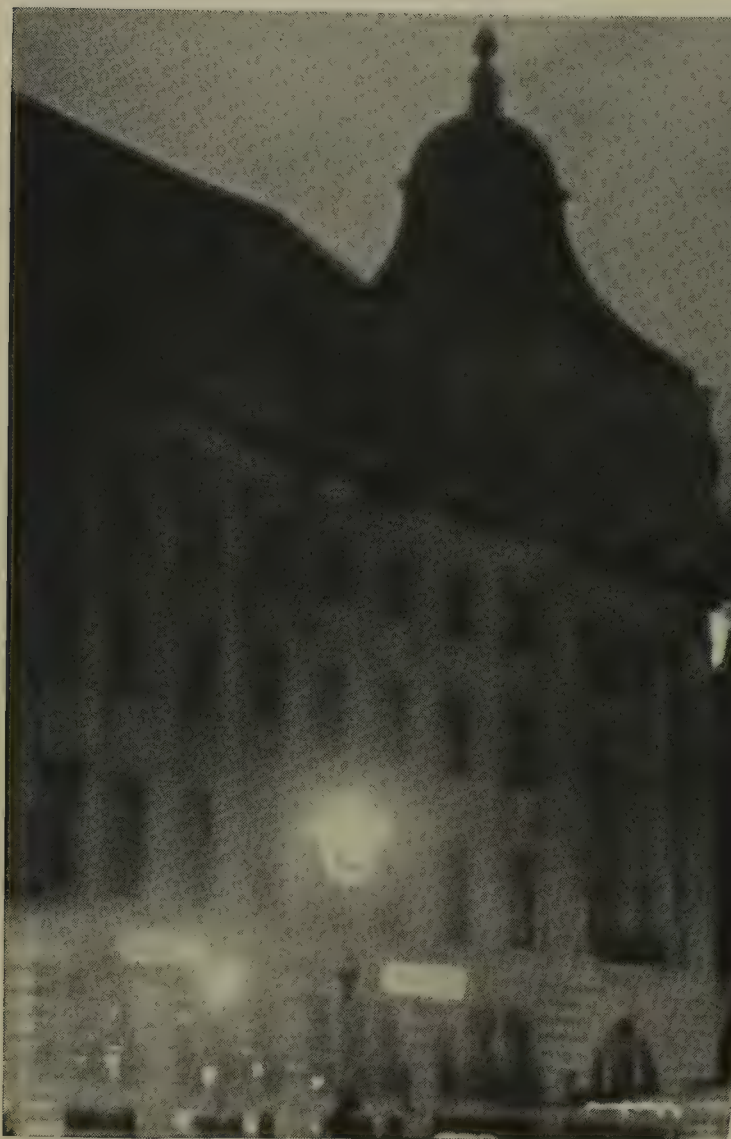
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(Continued.)

" 'You're not clever,' he ses. 'I'm ashamed of you. Didn't I know what you were plannin'? You fools! You'd take my gold, would you? You poor, dumb fools! Why,' ses he, 'I've only to say the word an' there isn't one of you'll be alive in five minutes' time. But that's not my way of doin' things. No, I'm a merciful man an' I'm showin' you mercy. All the same, don't think you won't be punished. You can't escape payin' the price. You're lavin' the island now, at wance.'

" 'There was no arguin'. The mate was dead.

" 'Before we go, Hack Pillow ses: 'Captain Quibble, I thought you towld us none of the natives dare set foot in your house. That isn't the truth.'

" 'No,' ses Captain Quibble, 'no, an' mebbe I ought to have said there's an exception to the rule. Jim's an infidel. He doesn't believe in my divinity. He doesn't believe in spells or devils or annythin'. If he did I'd still be gagged an' tied to my bed an' you'd be well away with my gold.'

" 'How do ye mane, we can't escape payin' the price?' I ses.

" 'That's for you to find out,' ses Captain Quibble. 'All I can say is, may God have mercy on you.'

" 'We go down to the beach to the lifeboat. Dawn is a couple of hours off when we launch her an' row away. The sun comes up an' we see the island astern. Someone ses: 'Let's have a drink to hearten us.' Know what? The breakers are filled with water, sure. Salt water, not fresh. That's the trick that pious owld-hypocrite, Quibble, has played on us. Him an' his talk of bein' a merciful man! No water but salt water an' that blazin' sun overhead!

" 'Before mid-day the third mate an' the donkeyman are dead. The darts that the one-eyed Malay has used in his blow-pipe are poisoned. Before night half of the ten of us that are left are ravin' mad with thirst. When we're picked up by a Dutch steamer two days after there's only the five of us left alive.

" 'Of the five that are landed at Sourabaya two die-in hospital. That laves three of us only: Hack Pillow, Harman an' me. We're sent home D.B.S. on board an oil tanker an' on the voyage we talk things over. What shall we do? What can we do? Nothin', except keep together. That's the one thing we're agreed on, anyway. I can't afford to lose sight of Hack an' Harman, I know. An' why not? I don't trust them, that's why. Mebbe they feel the same about me. Not knowin', I can't say.

" 'Soon as we rache home we sign on ag'in, the three of us. We keep together. Harman's washed overboard, homeward bound, in a gale of wind an' drowned. That laves Hack Pillow an' me. We rache Liverpool

an' there he ses to me: 'Hang on a second, bos'n, while I buy me some cigarettes.' He goes into a tobacconist's while I wait outside with me bag in the rain. I wait an' I wait, ten minutes or more. Then, growin' impatient, thinkin' to find him wastin' his time in idle talk, I walk into the shop meself. Hack isn't there. He's gone in one door an' out the other. He's give me the slip.

" 'Well, that's three year ago an' I've not set eyes on him since. Where is he? Is he alive? Hiven knows! Is he dead? I couldn't tell yez. I wish I could. I spend me time trampin' the roads, goin' from Liverpool to Glasgow an' Glasgow to Hull an' Hull to London an' London to Cardiff, stoppin' at pubs an' axin' the folks within has Hack Pillow been there. But he niver has. He's disappeared. An' that's about all. I'm broke, of course. I've not got a cent to me name; an' me with all that gold of Captain Quibble's mine for the takin'.

" 'I'm no thief, I'd scorn the accusation, but it wouldn't be thievin' to take that gold of his, now would it? He ses he's the richest man in the world; mebbe he is; he's got all he could wish for, anyway; food, drink, a good climate, a house to shelter him, the power of life an' death, an' hundreds of ignorant, half-naked natives to bow down an' worship him an' do as he ses. The quare part of it is, to my way o' thinkin', he'd have all them self-same things without the gold. I mane, what difference would it make to Captain Quibble if we'd taken his gold? No difference at all.

" 'What keeps me layin' awake nights is the thought that mebbe Hack Pillow has raised the money to fit out a schooner an' has gone to the island an' stolen the gold for himself. But I don't see how. I don't see how it's possible he has.

" 'Why isn't it possible? Well, now, I'll tell yez. Captain Quibble's gold was ours for the takin'. Ye'd agree to that, wouldn't yez? But where was the gold? On the island, ye'd say. An' where was the island? Ah, where? I've no idea. South of the equator, yes. Between Thursday Island an' Celebes, yes. Where else? I couldn't tell yez. Only the mate knew an' the mate's dead. Listen! The one hope Hack had of findin' the island was mebbe he'd stolen the note-book the mate had worked out the lifeboat's position in each day. But had he stolen it? So far as I know the book was in the mate's trouser pocket when the one-eyed Malay killed him, an' Hack had no more chance of layin' hands on it than I had.

" 'An' that's how it is I'm trampin' the roads, the way I am, lookin' for Hack. An' what will I do when I find him? Ah, what? I often wonder.

" 'Well, that's the story. It's the truth an' worth the price of a drink, I hope.'

[THE END.]

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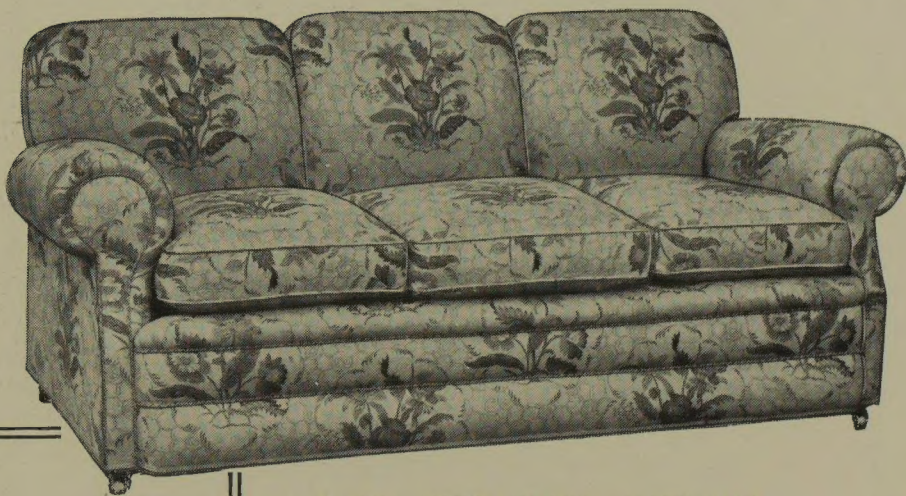


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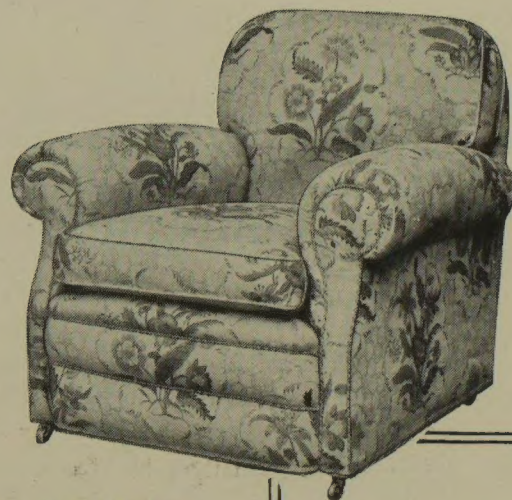


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# TO ARMS FOR ART'S SAKE

BY DOUGLAS NEWTON

**T**HESE Southern races were queer money, right enough, agreed the badly-hinged little man, his face—coloured and wrinkled like an unpeeled walnut—taking on a sallow light of memory. No knowing, ever, just which angle their minds will swing at any given urge—though it's generally the way you'd never bet on.

"... 'xs'ample, would any other of earth's peoples start a revolution simply because an opera singer had been sacked by her manager...?"

It sounded cuckoo, the little man agreed, but he'd seen it. It happened up in one of those small Andean states that were so hemmed in by mountains that few people could read even their names on the map. The name of this particular republic was Casquimuleño. It was a happy and companionable place, made up of one great dip in the mountain pan, plus a lot of ditch-like valleys radiating from it. The people weren't three-quarter Indians, as most of these top-of-the-hill states were, but no more than a third. The rest was true Don Spaniard; a dignified, touchy, but surprisingly affable and cultured breed, as that type mainly is.

In their own way they were quite a go-ahead lot. They weren't so struck on progress as we are, but they did like dignified living, which included a fondness for artistic things, especially music.

Their capital, Madre Mayo, was a pretty little town full of trees, nice old Spanish houses and sleepy little garden squares. The chief square contained the Government Palace, two theatres, and the Opera House, which was as big as the Government building, and was also run from it... State-aided, you know. And though Governments changed pretty often, as is the South American way, nothing was ever allowed to interfere with the Opera Season—except this once.

They used to have first-rate opera companies, from Rome and Vienna and wherenot else, with the best stars to be had in the Vocal Way. The star who caused all the fuss was a Signorina Tula Malina, a famous and glittering tip-topper, who had throated her way to glory through all the capitals of Europe and the United States—so the bills said.

She was, however, even more temperamental than most of her galaxy, and from the moment she arrived in Madre Mayo there was trouble. Big trouble, because, it seems, it wasn't entirely her shouting—the manager of the Opera House, Señor Gaspar Gante, didn't like her, and being a Don Spaniard, said so. There was war from the first rehearsal; and at the third, a blow-up. Señor Gaspar sacked her then and there before the full orchestra and company.

That was bad enough for anyone's pride, but he did it in a manner to do the extreme of violence to her high opinion of herself. He said he would not have her at any price, because whatever Europe thought of her, *he* knew her to be no artist. She might be able to make loud legitimate noises in a soprano key, but she could neither act nor feel as a true *diva* should.

Stung on the nerve that enraged most, Signorina Tula blazed out in fury. She not only stormed back, she made a campaign of it. She told the papers, and in no time she had half the population blazing with her; demanding from El Presidente, who, of course, could do what he willed in a State-aided concern, that he should dismiss Señor Gaspar immediately and reinstate the brilliant and charming Signorina Tula even quicker.

The uproar was so great that the President *did* intervene. It was just about the date when a new revolution was due, and he was a little nervous about the rough hill-ranchers along the valleys at the moment. He called Señor Gaspar to a solemn Cabinet meeting, and, after hearing his case, carried the Cabinet to an interview and audition with the Signorina. Then, with due solemnity, he made matters worse. He gazetted an official protocol saying he supported Señor Gaspar.

That was like a bomb flung into the opposition camp, and they grabbed at their political chance. The papers raved. All Casquimuleño began hastily and violently to take sides. Only the fact that the Opera Season was in progress prevented a violent rebellion then and there.

In the ordinary way the opera would have held the people quiet until the season was over and things had simmered down, only someone told the Signorina this, explaining to her how the President and Gaspar were counting on the unwritten tradition of Casquimuleño to sink political strife during the time of singing and fiddles. She said; "Well, it will be an opera singer who will break that tradition." And did it.

She went off to the rough hill-ranchers in the steep valleys and became a fiery cross, or, rather, a singing one. She went from estancia to estancia, valley to valley, rousing the rustic peons, vaqueros and farm-owners to passion with her wrongs. She was a darn good-looker, she was dashing, and whatever else she didn't have, she had a voice that could make hayseeds—that is, Spanish hayseeds—gulp and catch fire.

Well, she did the trick. In less than a week of fire-brand tub-thumping and camp-fire singing, she had those already discontented agriculturists well alight. On the very day she ought to have appeared as the star in "La Bohème," she rode into Madre Mayo at the head of thirty thousand armed horsemen.

Revolutions, if frequent, are mild in South America. There was no bloodshed. El Presidente yielded gracefully to overwhelming odds and did not even try to bolt. Señor Gaspar tried, but failed. The Signorina made sure of that, she meant to have *his* blood at least—she meant to shame him as much as he had shamed her in the face of the populace.

Being Southern herself, she saw a brilliant way of revenge, of grinding the nose of his pride in the mud. She'd prove to his face before the gathered multitude of Casquimuleño how false, mean, prejudiced, unworthy and inartistic was *his* judgment... In other words, she would take the leading rôle of "La Bohème" that night, and he, sitting bound and conspicuous in a box, would be publicly shamed by the triumph her perfect rendering of the part would bring her... And after he had drunk this bitterness of exposure to the dregs, he would be taken out and shot against a convenient wall in due legal style.

All Casquimuleño took fire at the idea. It was poetic justice after their own hearts. They crowded the Opera House to the roof. Even the aisles were packed ten deep, even the boxes were brimming—save that one box where Señor Gaspar sat bound to a chair, with two grim riflemen standing guard over him. To terrific enthusiasm the opera opened... and went on...

The little man paused and blinked at them.

"I told you these Southerners are an unguessatable breed, didn't I? Well, they were all that, that night. They sat there packed tight like sardines. They watched, they listened to every note. When Signorina Tula came on they did not applaud her—this was too grave, too solemn an occasion in art. She sang with all her dash, she acted, flirted and did her stuff. They watched, all eyes, every move and note of her performance. They concentrated all their minds to the very end, for they count art above most things there. And when the curtain went down, they were still watching..."

"There was no applause. Just a long, odd sort of silence. Then the leader of the revolution got up in the front row of the stalls. He got up, walked solemnly across to the box where Gaspar was, took out a knife and cut his bonds. Gaspar stood up and bowed, the leader bowed, and Gaspar walked out a free man.

"It was then that the applause nearly wrecked the theatre.

"Yes, queer fish, these Southerners, but they do take art seriously."

[THE END.]





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